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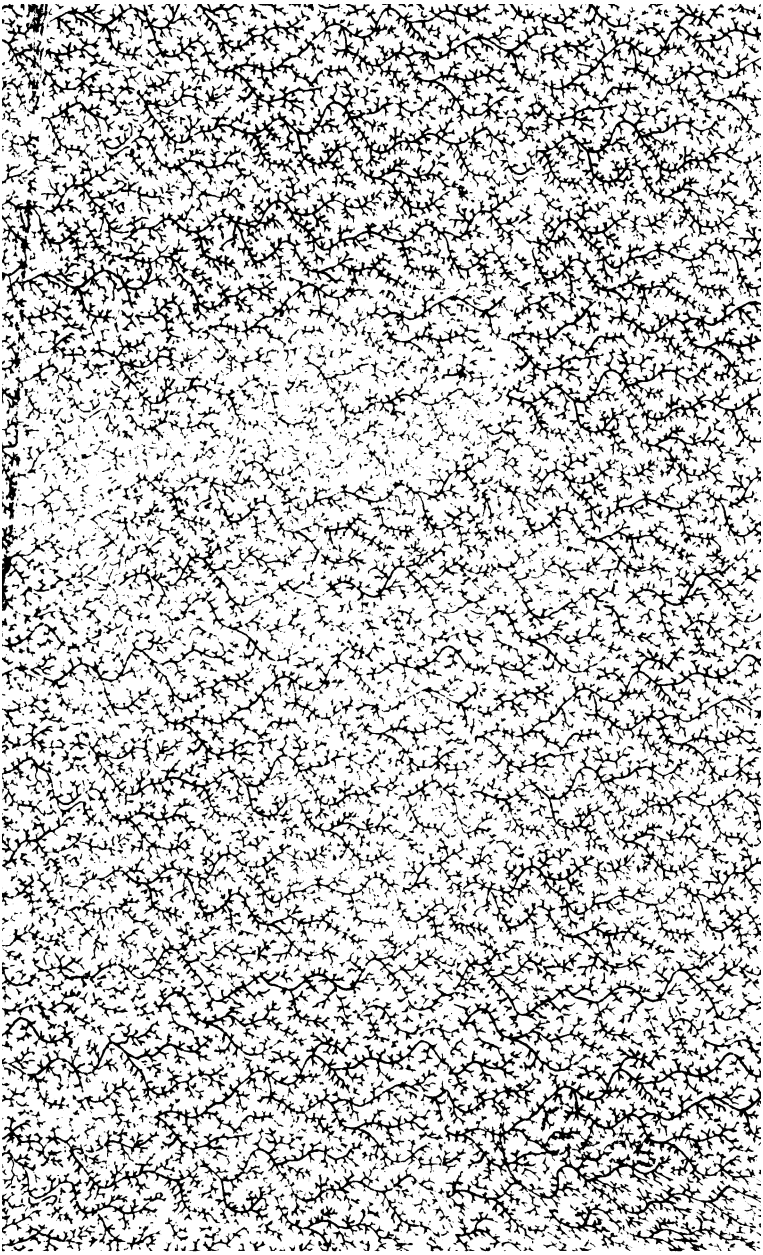

THE

WORKS

OF

SOLOMON GESSNER.

VOL. I.

THE

WORKS

OF

SOLOMON GESSNER,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LIVERPOOL,

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PREFACE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

SWITZERLAND, which possesses no original language of its own, but borrows those of the two great nations in its vicinity, may be said to have more than discharged the debt in the works of science and genius by which it has enriched these languages. How much the literature of France has been improved and adorned by natives of Switzerland, particularly by citizens of Geneva, it is unnecessary to say; and Germany is under similar obligations to those cantons that use her language, but more especially to the canton of Zurich.

Of this little republic was Solomon Gessner, the German Theocritus, a complete translation of whose works is now for the first time presented to the English reader. He was born in the year 1730, and was the son of a respectable printer and bookseller, from whom he received a liberal, and even a learned education, whose profession he adopted, and whom in due time he succeeded. Fortunately the house of Orel, Gessner, and Company, into which he was received, had been long established, and was known over Europe, by the extent of its correspondence, and by the choice and elegance of the works which it gave to the world. Gessner was not therefore involved in the cares of a new establishment, nor was it necessary for him to engage in the details and fatigues of business; and the bent of his genius being obvious, his partners, by whom he was beloved and esteemed, freely indulged him in his favourite studies and pursuits.

In

In the twenty-second year of his age he made a tour through Germany, in part for the purpose of extending the connexions of his house, but chiefly with a view to his own improvement. In the course of this journey, he became acquainted with the greater part of the German men of letters of that day, and his talents were doubtless stimulated by the sympathy and the emulation which such intercourse is so particularly calculated to excite. On his return to Zurich in 1753, he gave his first publication to the world, a small poem in measured prose, entitled, *Night*;* and this meeting a favourable reception, he soon afterwards published his pastoral romance of *Daphnis*, in three cantos.† In the first of these poems he contrived to introduce a compliment to Gleim and Hagedorn, from whom he had received

* For the poem of *Night*, see *vol.* II. *p.* 219.

† *Daphnis, vol.* III. *p.* 1.

civility and kindness in the course of his tour. To Daphnis he prefixed a letter to himself from Mademoiselle ——, with his reply, both written in a playful and animated stile, from which we are led to believe, that the heroine of this pastoral was a real personage. " Yes," says Gessner, in the language of gallantry, and perhaps of truth, " while I described Phillis I " thought of you, and the happy idea of " writing a romance, supplied me with a " continual dream of you, which render- " ed our separation less intolerable." In these early productions, with somewhat of the irregularity and the extravagance of youth, we find that luxuriance of imagery, and that soft amenity of sentiment and of expression, by which almost all his other writings are characterized. At this period of his life, Ovid seems to have been a favourite with Gessner. In his *Night*, we have a fable on the origin of the glow-worm; and in his *Daphnis*, an episode on the amours of a water-god and

and a nymph, entirely in the manner of that poet.

The success of these publications encouraged Gessner to indulge his taste in rural poetry, and to give to the world his Idyls, in which, as he himself informs us, he took Theocritus for his model. The Idyls procured their author a high reputation throughout Switzerland and Germany. They were the principal and favourite objects of his attention, on which he exerted great taste and skill. They are described by himself as the fruits of some of his happiest hours; of those hours, when imagination and tranquillity shed their sweetest influence over him, and excluding all present impressions, recalled the charms and delights of the golden age.

The *Death of Abel*, which is already well known to the English reader, by the translation of Mrs. Collyer, made its first appearance

appearance in 1758. Its reception was still more flattering. Three editions of it were published at Zurich in the course of a single year, and it was soon translated into all the European languages. In most of these it has gone through various editions; and there are few of the productions of the century that has just elapsed, which have been so generally popular.—After this he published several of his lesser poems, among which was *The First Navigator*, which is perhaps the most beautiful of his works. He made some attempts likewise in the pastoral drama, of which his *Evander and Alcimna* is the chief. His *Erastus*, a drama of one act, was represented with some applause in several societies, both at Leipsick and Vienna.

The poems of Gessner were almost all given to the world before he had completed his thirtieth year. About this period he married, and, as he himself informs

forms us, his father-in-law, Mr. Heidigger, having a beautiful collection of paintings, consisting chiefly of the works of the great masters of the Flemish school, he devoted his leisure to the study of their beauties, and became deeply enamoured of their art. Gessner, who in his youth had received some lessons in drawing, resumed the pencil, but with a timid hand. At first he ventured only to delineate decorations for curious books printed at his office, but by degrees he rose to bolder attempts. In 1765 he published ten landscapes, etched and engraved by himself. Twelve other pieces of the same nature appeared in 1769; and he afterwards executed ornaments for many publications that issued from his press, among which were his own works, a translation into German of the works of Swift, and various others. The reputation which he acquired by his pencil, was scarcely inferior to that arising from his pen. He was reckoned among the best artists of Germany;

many; and Mr. Fuselin, his countryman, in his "Historical Essay on the Painters, "Engravers, Architects, and Sculptors, "who have done honour to Switzerland," gives a distinguished place to Gessner, though then alive.

The private character of Gessner was in a high degree amiable and exemplary. As a husband, a father, and a friend, his virtues were equally conspicuous. His cast of mind was pensive, and even melancholy; his manners gentle.—In conversation he was mild and affable, and where the subject admitted of it, often highly animated, rising into great elevation of sentiment, and beauty of expression. But in every part of his deportment, there was that unaffected sincerity, that simplicity and modesty, by which true genius is so generally distinguished. With qualities such as these, Gessner could not fail to be loved and respected; and uniting to taste and literature the talents requisite for

for active life, he was raised by the suffrages of the citizens of Zurich to the first offices in the republic. In 1765 he was called to the great council; in 1767 to the lesser. In 1768 he was appointed bailiff of Eilibach; that of the four gaurds in 1776; and in 1781, superintendant of waters, all offices of trust and responsibility, the duties of which he discharged with scrupulous fidelity.

The fame of the accomplished and virtuous magistrate of Zurich, spread to the remotest parts of Europe. The Empress of Russia, Catherine II. sent him a gold medal as a mark of her esteem; and strangers from all countries visiting Switzerland courted his society, and gave him the most flattering proofs of their respect and admiration. In the heighth of his reputation he was cut off by the stroke of a palsy, on the 2d of March, 1788, in the 56th year of his age.

Pastoral

Pastoral poetry, to which he was chiefly devoted, has been considered as one of the earliest forms of this delightful art.—In the more simple ages, when the wealth of men consisted chiefly of flocks and herds, the condition of a shepherd was respectable in the community, and his life a state of ease and abundance. In the possession of these blessings, passing his days in the open air, and having in view the most beautiful scenery of nature, the emotions of the heart would sometimes be excited, and the voice of untutored genius make itself heard. Hence those artless strains of rural poetry in which are breathed the first accents of the pastoral muse. Though deficient in harmony and delicacy, these ruder efforts would often be true to nature and passion; and the shepherds and cowherds of Sicily doubtless furnished the models on which the Idyls of Theocritus were formed. It is the peculiar praise of Theocritus, and constitutes a considerable part of the charm of his

his writings, that he departed but little from his models, that his scenery is evidently copied from nature, and that his characters and manners appear to be nearly such as the peasantry of Sicily presented to his observation. Virgil copied Theocritus, and departed farther from real life; and since the revival of letters, the greater part of the pastoral poets of modern Europe, particularly those of Italy, have indulged still more in the imagery of fancy; with landscapes, composed indeed of the most beautiful features of nature, for the imagination can paint nothing fairer, they have given us manners and characters in a great measure ideal. Yet pastoral poetry of this description has its charms. In the mixed condition of our existence, the forms of beauty, innocence, and happiness, rise at times, and fade on our view. Imperfect and fleeting as they are, they afford such furniture to the imagination, as serves to decorate those creations of fancy, which, while they excite,

tend

tend in some degree to gratify the natural "longing after a happier age."

This gratification seems indeed, in the opinion of the first of our living critics, to be the true end and design of pastoral poetry. "Its nature and design," says Dr. Aikin, "have been differently repre-"sented. I have no doubt, however, that "the true secret of the pleasure derived "from pastoral, is to be found in an uni-"versal longing after a certain imagined "state of society, which though it never "did exist, may readily be conceived, and "by its innocence, tranquillity, and sim-"ple delights, sweetly contrasts with the "turbulence and evils of the real world. "It is no new opinion that this poetry "has a reference to the golden age; but "by this age I would not understand any "period recorded by tradition, but rather "a kind of Eutopia, in which the woun-"ded and wearied spirit of man has ever "delighted to take refuge. * * * *

"Amid

" Amid such a fairy people I confess I do
" not regret *nature*; nor at my age am I
" ashamed of losing myself in the Arca-
" dian walks of a Pastor Fido and Amin-
" ta. * * * * Alas! we know too
" well that no Arcadia exists upon modern
" ground, and that vice and wretchedness
" prevail in the hamlet as well as in the
" city. But why may we not for a time
" be indulged in forgetting it?*

It is not however to be disputed, that where we depart so far from nature, the interest of the scene is apt to languish.—We are creatures more of feeling than of imagination, and can deeply sympathize only with beings of our own species, and in sorrows which we ourselves may participate. In the lives of the pure inhabitants of these Arcadian landscapes, such as they are usually represented by the predecessors of Gessner, there is too little incident,

* See " Letters from a Father to a Son," *vol.* i. *p.* 77, *&c.*

incident, in their sufferings there is too little of real pathos, to fix the curiosity, or agitate the heart. The modern writers of pastoral have resorted little to invention; they have in general contented themselves with imitating the descriptions and sentiments of the ancient poets, and hence, of all the varieties of poetry, this is commonly the most meagre in its subject, and the least diversified in its strain. It is not however to be doubted, that this sameness and insipidity are more to be ascribed to the slavish imitation of the ancient pastoral characters and topics, than to the confined nature of the subject. Ramsay, Burns, and Macneill, poets of the northern division of the island, who have not copied Theocritus, but followed his example in drawing the scenery and the manners of rural life in their own age and country, have enlarged and beautified this department of poetry. It were perhaps to have been wished, that Gessner had taken a similar course, but his learning and fancy carried him back

to

to the æra of ancient Greece. In his pastorals, the rough simplicity of the Swiss peasant, the awful sublimity of the Helvetian scenery, are not to be found. Amidst the softness of a Sicilian landscape, he calls into life the fabled personages of the classic mythology, and revives that pure and virtuous race of mortals, who are supposed to have lived in the golden age.—But though he takes Theocritus as his model, unlike his other imitators, he has chosen his subjects for himself, and given to pastoral poetry a range, of which it was not before known to be susceptible.—Whatever incidents, sorrows, or affections, may be supposed to be within the rural sphere, Gessner has considered as proper subjects for his muse—"Of all the mo-"derns," says Dr. Blair, "Gessner, a "poet of Switzerland, has been the most "successful in his pastoral compositions. "He has introduced into his Idyls, (as "he entitles them) many new ideas.—"His rural scenery is often striking, and

"his

" his descriptions lively. He presents " pastoral life to us with all the embelliſh- " ments of which it is susceptible, but " without any excess of refinement.— " What forms the chief merit of this poet, " is, that he wrote to the heart, and has " enriched the subjects of his Idyls with " incidents that gave rise to much tender " sentiment. Scenes of domestic felicity " are beautifully painted. The mutual " affection of husbands and wives, of pa- " rents and children, of brothers and sis- " ters, as well as of lovers, are displayed " in a pleasing and touching manner. " Not understanding his language, I can " be no judge of the poetry of his stile, " but in the subject and conduct of his " pastorals, he appears to me to have out- " done all the moderns."

This character of the Idyls of Gessner will apply to all his poems, the whole of which may be considered as rural or paſtoral,

toral, though in the *Death of Abel* he has passed his accustomed boundaries, and risen to the sublimity of the epic muse.

The style of Gessner, on which Dr. Blair declines giving an opinion, appears to me to be pure, easy, and perspicuous, altogether free from those inversions and contortions which are found in the *Death of Abel*, as translated by Mrs. Collyer, and which give it so forced and unnatural an air. The style of the Idyls particularly is polished with the utmost care, and discovers an elegance, yet simplicity of expression, perfectly suited to the characters and manners which are described.

In his descriptions, Gessner is uniformly attentive to natural history, with which he was well acquainted. The observer of nature will recognise his accuracy with pleasure. In this point of view many passages might be pointed out in his Idyls, as well as in his other writings,

especially his *Contemplations amid the grass*, no less correct than beautiful, and likely on that account to be read with particular satisfaction.

But a higher subject of praise is his moral purity, in which he excels all pastoral writers, ancient or modern. Though a studious imitator, and warm admirer of Theocritus, he rejected in his favourite model, every sentiment or description which might excite a blush on the cheek of modesty. The tendency of his writings is as pure as his life was virtuous—he wrote not one line, *that dying he might wish to blot.*

The works of Gessner, replete as they are with tenderness and sensibility, may be safely entrusted to youthful innocence: they will excite only virtuous emotions in uncorrupted hearts. For such they seem to have been more especially designed.—But even those of a maturer age, those who

who are engaged in the pursuits of gain, of ambition, or of science, may derive from his writings pleasure and profit, if amidst their agitations and their cares, they have preserved a relish for the charms of virtue, and the beauties of nature. A taste for these has distinguished the greatest and wisest men of every age, and in a more especial manner the sages and the heroes of the ancient world. In this taste they found the solace of their present cares, and to this they had recourse, when under the pressure of the evils of life, they extended their views beyond our mortal horizon, and shadowed out the habitations of the virtuous in a happier world.

I cannot conclude these observations without entreating the candour of the reader. I am conscious of the deficiencies of this translation, and observe with regret, that several inaccuracies, not I trust of an important nature, have escaped the

press, from circumstances which might be easily explained, but in which the public are not interested.

THE TRANSLATOR.

Liverpool,
20*th January*, 1802.

PREFACE

TO THE

DEATH OF ABEL.

I HAVE now ventured on a loftier subject than any which has yet employed my pen, that I may discover whether my talents are equal to such an attempt; a curiosity which every man may be allowed to feel. We are too apt to discourage a poet who has succeeded in one branch of his art, from trying his talents in another; imagining that the one in which he has first displayed them, is the only one to call forth his genius, and awaken his powers; when perhaps some external circumstance or accident, rather than any peculiar impulse, determined his first choice.

And

And even though the attention and regard of the world should not requite the poet who ventures on one of the sublimer subjects of poetry, yet he will derive a thousand gratifications from the execution of his wide and extensive work. To fill up the outline of a great plan, to trace the springs of action in the human mind, to delineate characters, and to narrate events which, though in themselves intricate, gradually unfold into clearness and simplicity, and conduce to the interest and beauty of a whole, will afford a thousand pleasures to his imagination. All nature will be to him a rich and inexhaustible magazine, from which his glowing fancy selects every thing that can embellish his favorite subject. His whole soul is in action; and the mind thus rouzed and stimulated, discovers in itself a thousand talents and powers, which, but for these exertions, might have remained dormant for ever.

But, (it will be said) if all the world reason in this way, we shall have nothing but epic poems and tragedies. Those who entertain fears of this kind must be told, that when I say this species of writ-

ing

ing will give more pleasure to the poet than the humbler branches of the art, I think it will also afford most gratification to the reader. However, few will have time and leisure sufficient for such important undertakings: many will be withheld by other occupations, and some, deterred in the first instance, by the severity of the epic muse, will address their vows to a less coy divinity. By this means, we shall never be without master-pieces in every species of poetry: and far be it from me to depreciate the lighter and more sportive productions of the muse: for though I earnestly wish for more Homers, I yet think that Æsop and Anacreon deserve the admiration of the world.

The choice I have made of a subject from scripture history, will be criticised by some, and may give offence to others. Among these last will be found, people of an advanced age, whose lives have been spent in other pursuits than those of poetry, who glow with the warmest zeal for their religion, and who, in their youth, have imbibed the strongest prejudice against works of imagination and taste, which they have

have never known, but through the medium of the little extract-books exhibited at schools. A poet, in the days of their youth, was looked upon as a frivolous and contemptible being. But with those who have perused the Bible with so little sense of its beauties, as to consider my choice of a subject from it improper or criminal, it will be vain to reason or expostulate. Their objections infer a want of understanding, and without this, they can no more profit by argument, than the blind man can, by having a lantern carried before him. To others, I may remark, that poetry, (except in its most degraded state) has ever been serviceable to the interests of religion: that its language is particularly adapted for expressing with energy the emotions of virtue and benevolence: that its whole tendency is to delight and refine the understanding, and to correct the heart. I need not say that to fulfil these salutary ends, its wit, even when it is most sportive, should be of that chastened and polished kind, which avoids as despicable and contemptible, every allusion that is profane, every thought that is obscene.

When

When poetry is regulated by the restrictions I have mentioned, it may be allowed to select for its subject, the most important truths of our holy religion. It fixes on a subject from the sacred writings, because no other history can afford one equally well authenticated; equally interesting to all who call themselves Christians; or more generally calculated to show the influence of true religion on the happiness of men in every situation. It attempts to place in the strongest light, and to make us better acquainted with the characters which have most interested us in the perusal of the scripture history: to strengthen every virtuous inclination and enforce every moral precept, incidentally inculcated there. It is true that this task, if undertaken without sufficient judgment or reflection, might prove a dangerous or an injurious one: but all expositions are equally subject to objection, equally liable to be perverted by the zeal of the injudicious, or the presumption of the arrogant.

Since the time of the Reformation, all nations have allowed themselves the liberty of selecting from

from scripture, the subjects of their poems, and even of their dramas: nor has this ever offended the most scrupulous among us: on the contrary, these works have sometimes acquired toleration from their subjects, and their unequivocally virtuous tendency, which their merits, as poems or compositions, could never have procured them.

But, (it will be objected,) at this rate, the Bible will become a mere fable. In answer to this, it may be asked, Has this been the fate of profane history?—Homer and Virgil borrowed the subjects of their poems from ancient history; yet who ever thought of referring from that history to the poems, or forgot, while he was reading their works, that they were poets, and not historians?

There is another class of readers, (people of fashion and *esprit* perhaps) who will never be able to tolerate a poem, of which the heroes are all serious and religious, without any ambition of smartness, or any pretentions to wit. If these characters are faithfully pourtrayed, from the real customs and modes

modes of thinking of the age in which they lived, how strangely will they be contrasted with the fashions and habits of the present times! What uncouth manners! what simple language! They will have as little chance of interesting the refined and fashionable readers of the present age, as the heroes of Homer had of pleasing the French, who were offended at observing that his heroes were not of their nation. But this let me say in confidence to my fashionable readers, that being like them young, like them anxious to obtain applause, and above all, interested and desirous of procuring their suffrages, I will, in case the present work does not please them, endeavour to model it into a different form. I will try, (for what is an epic poem without one?) to introduce a love intrigue into it; Abel shall be represented as a languishing *petit-maitre*, and Cain as a coarse Russian captain; and not a syllable shall proceed from the lips of Adam, which might not become a hoary Frenchman, grown old in the ways of the world.

S. GESSNER.

THE

DEATH OF ABEL.

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THE

DEATH OF ABEL.

BOOK THE FIRST.

My lyre aspires to wake a noble strain: I describe the situation of our first parents after their shameful fall; I sing of him, who, sacrificed by a brother's fury, first mingled his dust with parent-earth. Rest in peace, thou soft pastoral flute! no more I describe the simple manners of the rustic swains. Thou, Oh muse! be near, who inspirest the poet's soul, when he muses in solitude at the still midnight hour, or on the shadowy banks of the lonely mountain-stream; when holy rapture fills his swelling breast, and imagination, soaring on eagle-wings, traverses with rapid

flight the regions of created nature, and passing the farthest verge of possibility, reaches the confines of all that is marvellous and beautiful. Fraught with rich treasures, she returns to rear the lofty fabric of verse; while cool mistrustful reason overlooks the work; approves or rejects the various materials, and bestows that corresponding harmony and arrangement which perfects the whole. How swiftly fly the golden hours employed in the great, the immortal work. The admiration of the generous, the esteem of the noble-minded, shall bless the bard. Praise be to the minute observer of nature, who watchful listens to the cricket's nightly song, and hails the first beams of the morning star: whose elevated mind delights to contemplate creation's wonders; whose pure heart glows with philanthropy, as he beholds and blesses the beauties of nature. May succeeding ages crown the poet's urn with bays, and strew laurels and flowers over the place of their benefactor's rest. May his fame survive when the trophies of conquerors are levelled with the dust, and the lofty mausoleum of the monarch, moulders in a moss-grown wilderness, where no foot-path divides the long rank grass, and only the wandering

wandering traveller sometimes rests.—How few has nature gifted with the power of ascending the sublime heights of poetry! the effort to attain them is at least a laudable one; to *that* my lonely hours, my solitary walks, be henceforth given!

The silent hours led on the blushing morn, and sprinkled with dewy tears the shadowy earth; the sun darted his early rays through the shade of the black cedars on the hills, and tinted with rosy light the fleecy clouds that swam through the twilight Heavens, when Abel, and his beloved Thirza, forsook their mossy couch, and repaired to a neighbouring bower of jassmin and roses. Love and innocence beamed in the mild blue eyes of Thirza, and glowed on her blooming cheeks; her light tresses flowed over her youthful bosom, and entwining her shoulders, descended to her slender waist. She passed along by Abel's side, whose brown locks clustered over his manly brow: deep thought and reflection were blended in his countenance with sweetness; he moved with the majesty of an angel, who at Heaven's command, has assumed a human form, to visit and sooth the last mo-

ments of some expiring saint: the robe of mortality enshrouds him, but conceals not the celestial beauty which beams through its thin veil.

Thirza gazed on him with a tender smile: "My beloved!" she said, "now, while the grateful birds hail the return of morn, let me hear thee repeat the hymn thou composedst yesterday in the mead. What is so delightful as to praise the Lord? when thou singest, my bosom expands with holy rapture; thou givest utterance to the sensations which I can only feel, but not express."

Abel answered, as he threw his arms around her, "Be every request of those dear lips fulfilled; every wish I read in those mild eyes, obeyed! Let us seat ourselves on the soft moss: I will sing the hymn." They seated themselves in the fragrant bower, whose entrance was gilt by the morning sun, and Abel thus began—

"Retire, Oh sleep, from every eye! dis-
"perse, ye hovering dreams of night! Rea-
"son returns, to enlighten the intellectual
"world,

" world, as the morning-beams illumine the " extended landscape. Oh welcome! lovely " sun! from behind the dark mountains! " pleasure and rapture return with thy rays; " all nature smiles with renovated beauty to " meet thee. Retire, Oh sleep! from every " eye! retire ye hovering dreams to the " shades of night. Whither are fled the " shades of night? they have taken refuge " in the caves of the rock, in the recesses of " the grove; there they await us, to yield us " refreshing coolness, during the sultry heat " of noon. See where the morning beams " awake the eagle, what exhalations steam- " ing from the lofty mountain's brow arise, " and mingling with the pure clear air, like " the rich incense of burnt-offerings, ascend " to Heaven. Thus, nature celebrates the " return of light, and offers up to God her " sacrifice of grateful praise.

" Praise him all beings, who through " him exist. Praise him all things which he " has created and preserved! Ye opening " flowers! offer up to him your fragrant in- " cense; ye awakening birds, carol to him " your songs of gratitude and joy.

" Let

" Let the majestic lion sound his praise, " when he first issues from his rocky cave, and " woods and wilds resound the terrors of his " voice. Praise God, my soul, thy creator " and preserver; praise him, all nature! but " chief, let man pour forth his gratitude; let " his thanksgivings ascend to Heaven, when " every other creature still slumbers, ere yet a " warbler chant his early song, or chirp " among the waving sprays. Let my lonely " voice arise in the stillness of twilight, and " awake all created beings to join in his " praise. Lovely and excellent is the crea- " tion, in which his goodness and his wis- " dom are displayed. My soul drinks deep of " ecstacy and joy from this inexhaustible " fount of beauty and delight.

" Oh! who can speak thy praises? who " may tell, Almighty one! thy boundless ex- " cellence? What Heavenly goodnes prompt- " ed thee, slowly rising from thy peaceful, " thy eternal throne, to call this gay creation " into life. Thou, smiling morning! art the " glorious image of thy great Creator, when " at his voice the rejoicing sun goes forth to " chase the shades of darkness from the " world,

" world, and renovate creation with his
" beams. Silence and darkness brooded over
" the shapeless mass; the Almighty spoke,
" and light and life appeared. Myriads of
" new-formed beings, fluttering on variegated
" gated wings, pierced the still air with songs
" of ecstacy; while new-created woods echoed
" the unknown strains:—He spoke again,
" and straight the heaving earth assumed
" new forms of life and beauty; the stately
" horse bounds over the kindred turf from
" which he sprung, and neighing, shakes
" his flowing mane; the majestic lion, impatient
" patient to disengage himself from the cumbrous
" brous earth, raises for the first time his
" tremendous voice: a hill teems with life;
" it heaves, it bursts; and lo! the unwieldy
" elephant stalks along. These are thy wondrous
" drous works, Parent of Good! Almighty!
" thus each morn thou callest thy creatures
" from their senseless sleep; they awake, surrounded
" rounded by thy bounties, and together raise
" the glad song of praise and gratitude to
" thee. The time shall come, when, from the
" whole surface of the peopled earth, the universal
" versal chorus of praise shall rise: when al-

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"tars shall blaze on every hill to thee, and
"every grove be vocal with thy name."

Thus sung Abel; and long after he had ceased, Thirza sat listening in devout attention. At length, throwing her snowy arms around him, and tenderly gazing on him, she said, "Oh my beloved! my spirit ascends with thine to Heaven: thy affectionate care not only protects this feeble, mortal frame, but raises my soul with thine to God. In all its errors and wanderings, it turns to thee; thy wisdom dissipates the gloom that overshadowed my path, and changes feeble astonishment and doubt, to adoration and joy. Oh! my love! how often! (in truth, in every moment of solitude) I return thanks to the eternal goodness that created us for each other."

She said, the tenderest and purest love gave indescribable sweetness to her voice and manners. As Abel gazed on her, his eyes glistened with tenderness: he answered not, but the fervour with which he clasped her to his breast, spoke unutterable affection. Thus happy, thus innocent was man, when he required

quired nothing from the earth, but the mild fruits which it willingly yielded him; when he asked nothing from Heaven, but virtue and health: ere luxury had implanted insatiable wishes in his heart, had multiplied his wants, and buried his happiness beneath its splendid cares. Love then needed no other ties than those of virtue and innocence: no hapless pair formed for each other, consumed their days in hopeless misery, and mourned the obstacles by which fortune or ambition had for ever separated them.

Abel and Thirza were still seated when Adam and Eve approached; they had listened with pleasure to the morning-song, and had heard Thirza pour forth the effusions of her tenderness. They now entered the bower, and embraced their children; the joy of beholding them virtuous and happy, filled their bosoms, and glowed on their cheeks. Mahala, the wife of Cain, had accompanied them; the harsh temper, and impetuous character of her husband, had impressed sadness and melancholy on her lovely brow; her mild eyes were bent to the earth, and her dark tresses waved in careless beauty over her pallid

pallid cheeks. She had witnessed Thirza's tenderness and Abel's affection, as she stood without the bower, but she had dried the tears, which a comparison between their and her own situation had forced from her, and entering the arbour, she greeted them with the mildest affection and sweetness.

At that moment, Cain passed by the arbour; he had listened to Abel's song, he had beheld with what tenderness his parents embraced him; and scorn and resentment swelled his bosom. "How delighted are they," said he, with an angry glance: "what fond embraces! and yet he has only sung a song: he may well sing, who knows no other employment than to recline idly by his flock in the shade: the sun scorches me as I pursue my rugged toil; my weary limbs, in the evening require rest, and morning wakes me to returning labour. I have no leisure for such idle arts. But that soft youth, (whose tender limbs could not support such toil, even for a day) is the continual object of their rapture and caresses. I hate such effeminate tenderness. They feel not for me, when

when toil and weariness bow me to the earth; —again those fond embraces! those tears of joy!"—

He said, and rushed away. But his words were overheard in the bower; Mahala sunk pale with anguish by her sister's side, and Eve, reclining on her husband's bosom, mourned the obduracy of her first-born son.

"My beloved parents!" exclaimed Abel, "I will pursue my brother to the field; I will say every thing to him that fraternal love can dictate: I will embrace him, and he shall not leave my arms till he has promised to banish all resentment, and to love me. I have examined my whole soul, to endeavour to discover some means of winning back my brother's affection; but alas! in the moment when I think I have succeeded, when I imagine his heart glows again with warmth towards me, a sudden gloom returns, and extinguishes the sacred flame."

His melancholy father answered, "I will go myself to him, my beloved Abel; I will say every thing that parental affection and reason

son can urge: Cain! Cain! with what ceaseless anxiety thou fillest my heart! Is it possible that the passions can thus rise in terrible rebellion in the bosom of a sinner, and trample virtue and affection together in the dust? Wretch that I am! what bitter remorse, what dark forebodings, fills my bosom, when I look forward and contemplate the horrible evils entailed by my crimes on my unfortunate descendants. Oh Sin! how dreadful is the desolation thou spread'st in the human breast!"

Thus spoke the father of mankind, and with pensive steps, he left the bower and sought his first-born. Cain perceived him approaching, and ceasing from his labour, thus addressed him.

"What means the gloom which hangs on my father's brow? it was not with such a countenance that thou embracedst my brother. I read reproach and displeasure in thine eye."

Adam answered in mild and melancholy accents, "The consciousness of having deserved reproach, makes thee so prompt to descern it; yes, my son, thou hast deserved it: Oh

Oh Cain! thou hast implanted sorrow in thy father's breast: grief and anxiety led me hither:"—

"Not affection," answered Cain; "that is reserved for Abel."

"Oh Cain! it *was* affection," answered Adam, "Heaven can witness it! Can the tears, the grief, the ceaseless anxiety, the melancholy days, the sleepless nights, which I, and she who gave thee birth, have known, can they be the effect of any thing but love? Cain! if thou felt affection like this for us, it would be thy most anxious care to dispel our solicitude, to wipe these tears of anguish from our cheeks. Oh! if thou still retain'st in thy bosom, any reverence for that Almighty being who sees into the innermost recesses of thy soul, if a spark of filial affection yet glows in thy heart, I conjure thee, by that respect, by that affection, restore us our lost peace, our extinguished joys. Nourish no longer in thy breast, this gloomy hatred against thy brother, who loves thee with his whole soul, whose affectionate heart

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is earnestly bent on eradicating this noxious weed of discontent from thy bosom.

" Is it possible that the rapture with which we beheld his devout gratitude, the tears of pleasure which we shed on his bosom, have rekindled all the gloomy horrors of thy soul? The guardian angels who unseen hover over us, behold with rapture deeds of virtue and devotion; the Almighty himself, looks down and blesses them. Canst thou change the invariable nature of beauty and virtue? Oh! if thou couldst, it were a miserable task to suppress all the sweet and rapturous emotions which benevolence and goodness awaken in the human heart. The darkness, the storms, or the thunders of Heaven, call forth no gentle smile upon the cheek; nor do the tumultuous bursts of gloomy passion awaken aught but terror in the breast."

Cain answered, " Shall reproach continually pursue me? shall guilty passions be for ever imputed to me, because I cannot dress my face in smiles, or bid my eyes overflow with tears? My soul is formed of sterner materials: enterprize and toil have been my choice:

choice: I cannot chase the impressions of thought and care from my brow; or smile or weep for every trifle. Shall the towering eagle coo like the timid dove?"

Adam, with majestic gravity replied, "Wouldst thou deceive thyself, and conceal from thyself the hateful passion which thou oughtest to conquer? Oh Cain! not manly dignity and thought are written on thy brow; but discontent and envy are stamped there, are betrayed in thy every gesture. These spread gloom and dejection around thee; from them arise thy murmurings, during thy hours of toil; thy joyless, ungrateful aversion to the society of those who love thee. Oh! that we could banish thy discontent, that we could make thy hours serene and calm as the bright mornings of spring! What cause hast thou for uneasiness? The sources of happiness that afford us delight, are open also to thee; indulgent nature spreads for thee her charms; every blessing that nature, understanding and virtue bestow on us, is within thy reach also. But thou leavest them untasted, and unenjoyed, and complainest of misery. Art thou discontented with the portion of happiness which it has

has pleased the Almighty to allot thee? Dost thou envy the fate of angels? Know, that the angels were like thee discontented; aspiring to become Gods, they forfeited Heaven. Wouldst thou arraign the dispensations of Providence? While all created beings praise and bless his name, shall man, shall a reptile from the dust, arise and murmur at that Almighty Being whose power regulates the wide expanse of Heaven, whose goodness provides for the happiness of all created beings, whose all-sufficient wisdom directs unseen our fate, and can from evil produce good. Oh rouze thee, my son! my first-born: let these gloomy shades of discontent no longer cloud every prospect, or conceal from thee the numerous and inexhaustible sources of happiness which surround thee."

"Wherefore these exhortations?" exclaimed Cain, angrily: "I know that if my mind were at ease, every object around me would appear calm and serene. But can I bid the thunder to be silent, or command the impetuous torrent to cease its rage? I was born of woman; doomed from my birth to pain and misery:—the cup of malediction has descended on the head of the first-born. The sources of

of pleasure and content that stream for you, flow not for me!

"Oh my son!" exclaimed Adam, while tears of anguish bedewed his cheeks; "upon the whole race of woman has the malediction fallen. Wherefore shouldst thou believe, that on thee, our first-born, more than upon us, the Almighty has shed the cup of his wrath? We have all sinned, and God, who is inexpressibly just and good, has not made such a distinction.—No, Cain! thou wert not born to misery; the Almighty never called any of his creatures into existence to render them unhappy. The follies or the vices of man may render him wretched: his reason may yield to the wild impulses of tumultuous passion; he may pervert the very blessings of life to sources of misery. Thou canst not command the raging torrent to cease, or the storm to be silent; but thou mayst call on reason to dispel the darkness which clouds thy soul, to calm thy tumultuous passions into peace.—At her potent voice, the visions of discontent, the idle train of vain wishes and sordid desires, shall vanish like vapours before the rising sun. My son! I have seen tears of rapture bedew thy cheek;

I have beheld thy bosom glow with joy, when thy reason and conscience have approved some virtuous deed thou hast done. Oh! tell me Cain! at such moments wert thou not happy? was not thy bosom serene and unclouded as the noon-day sun? Recall that emanation of the Deity—Reason! she shall restore peace ndd pleasure to thy renovated soul; she shall re-open to thee the sources of happiness, which appear closed for ever. Oh! listen to my solicitations, my son; let the first act of thy returning virtue, be a reconciliation with thy brother: with what joy will he embrace thee! with what tenderness will he press thee to his bosom!"

"I will embrace him," said Cain, "at noon, when I return from the field: my labour now demands my care. I will embrace him; but my firmer soul can never soften to such effeminate tenderness, as endears him so strongly to you, as draws tears of rapture so often from your eyes. 'Twas to such tender weakness as this that we owe all the curses entailed upon us; thy softened heart, yielding too easily to a woman's tears—But wretch that I am!—let me not reproach thee! I ho-

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nour thee, my father, and am silent." Thus spake Cain, and returned to his labour.

Adam remained motionless; his hands were raised to Heaven, and tears of anguish bedewed his cheeks. "Oh Cain!" he cried, "I have deserved these reproaches; but with what bitterness do they come from the lips of a son: they burst like a peal of thunder on my soul. Thus will my latest descendants, when guilt torments them, and when shame overtakes them, on me—on me retort the fatal charge, andbreathe out curses on my senseless dust!"

Thus speaking, Adam, with faultering steps withdrew; his face was bowed to the earth: his bosom heaved with tremulous sobs; Cain beheld his anguish, and remorse touched his heart. "Wretch that I am, whither has my madness driven me? I have reproached, bitterly reproached, my good, my indulgent father! Hell rages within my bosom: I destroy the peace of all around me. Wretch! thou art not worthy to associate with man; thou shouldst dwell among the wild beasts of the wilderness. He is already at a distance;

and yet I hear his sighs; still I perceive his faint unsteady steps. Shall I pursue him, shall I embrace his knees, and conjure him by all that is sacred to forgive me?—Return, Oh reason! virtue, return! still the wild tumult of these furious passions; extinguish the hell which rages within my bosom. See! my father pauses: he raises his hands to Heaven; perhaps he is offering up a prayer for me! I will hasten, I will humble myself in the dust at his feet."

Cain hastened towards his father, who was leaning exhausted against a tree: the sight of his affliction pierced Cain to the soul; he fell at his feet, and exclaimed, "Forgive me! Oh! Forgive me my father! I have deserved that thou shouldst hate me; but behold my anguish, my repentant tears, and forgive me. I was deaf to thy exhortations, but I could not unmoved behold thy affliction; it has softened my stern heart; see, see, I weep at thy feet; I acknowledge my crimes; I recognise with horror the evil passions which had taken possession of my soul; I supplicate forgiveness from thee, from my brother, from Heaven!"

"Arise!

" Arise! Oh Cain! my son! arise, that I may embrace thee:" exclaimed Adam, pressing him to his heart: " May the Almighty behold with pleasure thy repentant tears: thou hast changed my anguish into joy. Oh! blissful hour! in which my son, my first-born, resto es peace and tranquillity to my bosom; in which he embraces me with tears of tenderness and repentance; support me in thy arms, my son; my strength yields to these powerful emotions. But let us hasten to thy brother, let me behold your blessed reconciliation."

As they were preparing to depart, they perceived Abel, accompanied by his mother and by Mahala and Thirza, approaching thro' the thicket.

They had anxiously followed Adam, and concealed by the foliage, they had overheard the conversation which passed between him and Cain. Abel flew with open arms to his brother; he embraced him, he wept over him, and knew not how to express his pleasure and affection. " My brother!" at length he cried, " thou lov'st me;—Oh! let me hear those sweet

sweet words from thine own lips; let my happiness be complete."

"Yes my brother, I do indeed love thee," answered Cain, embracing him. "Can'st thou forgive me all my unkindness? can'st thou, Oh! can'st thou pardon me the uneasiness I have caused thee? reason, like the lightning's flash has dissipated the stormy gloom which lowered within my breast: the hateful weeds of envy and discontent are completely eradicated from my heart; never, never may they arise to disturb our friendship again."

His enraptured brother replied, while he again embraced him; "Be the past forever forgotten, my beloved Cain! shall we recollect the transient uneasiness of a nightly dream, when we awake surrounded by the splendor and the chearfulness of morn? Oh! Cain, words are too weak to speak my rapture: tears must express it!"

Eve gazed with delight upon the tender scene. "Oh! my beloved children!" she exclaimed, "never, since that delightful hour in which I first heard thy infant lips, my first-born!

born! lisp the sweet name of mother, never have I known such rapturous, such exquisite sensations. What a weight is removed from my oppressed heart: joy and gladness surround me: every future hour will pass, marked with pleasure, away. I behold peace and friendship dwell among my offspring: among the beloved children whom I nourished at my breast. Embrace me, my sons, embrace your happy mother: let me kiss away the sweet tears with which fraternal affection has bedewed your cheeks."

Mahala and Thirza in silent rapture beheld this scene. At length Mahala said, while pleasure beamed through her tears, and reanimated her cheek, "My beloved Thirza, let us prepare to celebrate this happy day: let us collect the fairest fruits to deck our board, and strew the loveliest flowers round our bower: this day shall be sacred to our new-born happiness: it shall pass away in mirth and joy." Pleasure gave wings to their feet: they hastened to begin their pleasing task.

Cain, leaning on his brother, and Adam supporting Eve, slowly followed to the bower.

Ere

Ere they arrived, the sisters had spread their fragrant repast of various fruits, and decked it with the fairest flowers. They seated themselves to partake the temperate meal, at which affection and pleasure presided: and amid social converse, and innocent joy, mild evening came unheeded on.

BOOK THE SECOND.

WHILE they sat in the bower, enjoying all the sweets of domestic union, the father of mankind thus said, "My beloved children, we now experience the happiness and serenity of mind, which reason and virtue never fail to bestow. The practice of virtue can alone make us happy; can alone render us capable of those enjoyments which enrapture the pure spirits who dwell in Paradise, or surround the throne of God. Virtue alone can enable us to subdue the impure and unruly passions which lurk unseen to destroy us, or to drag us to the

the dark labyrinths, where remorse and anguish lie in wait to seize us.

"Oh Eve! my beloved, little did we imagine, in that hour, when with streaming eyes, we bade adieu to the sweet bowers of Paradise, that so much felicity was yet to be found on this earth, of which we were then the only inhabitants. How often do I recall the horrors of that day!"

"Father!" exclaimed Abel, "now while the shades of mild evening descend around us, and peace and tranquillity invite us to linger in the bower; if this twilight hour does not summon thee to more serious cares and meditations, deign to listen to my request, and relate to us the events of that time, when thou and my beloved mother were the only inhabitants of the earth."

The eyes of all were fixed with earnest expectation on Adam, who thus answered.

"How can I refuse a petition urged in such a blissful hour as this? I will relate to you the events of those days, marked indeed by guilt and sin, but brightened by the benign manifestations

manifestations of the Almighty's mercy and grace. Eve! where shall I commence my narrative? shall I describe our sad departure from Eden's blissful bowers!—But my beloved! the tears already tremble in thine eyes." "Begin it, said Eve, from that moment in which I looked back for the last time on the scene of our unallayed happiness; in which anguish and sorrow overpowered my every sense, and I sunk, bathed with tears, and fainting, into thy arms. But—allow me to describe the events of that hour; for thou, my beloved husband, in compassion to my feelings, would'st pass too lightly over them.

The fiery sword of the angel who had driven us out of Paradise, already flamed at a distance behind us: though the minister of vengeance, he had soothed us with compassion and tenderness: he had bidden us trust to the unfailing mercy and goodness of our Creator. We had already left far behind us the blissful bowers of Eden, and passed on through a wilderness, unornamented with fragrant flowers or fruitful trees; these were only thinly sprinkled over the uncultivated ground, like little islands in a wide-extended ocean. I cast a melancholy glance

glance on the scene before us: the earth appeared one wide and boundless wilderness. We past along, often pausing to look back, and weep. I ventured not to raise my eyes to the beloved object beside me; the victim of my guilt, and the associate of my punishment. We walked on in silence, bowed to the earth by sorrow: at length looking up, he beheld my tears and my affliction, and pressed me sobbing to his bosom.

"We were now on the brow of a hill, and as we descended, every step diminished our view of Eden: I paused, and wept. Oh Paradise! Oh! blissful native bower, I see thee for the last time; I bid adieu for ever to the spot where thou, my beloved (may I still call thee by that tender name?) petitioned for an associate in thy happiness, and received, to thy eternal sorrow, received the wretched being who has for ever destroyed it. Ye fragrant flowers which my care has nursed, for whom shall your rich incense now rise? ye aromatic bowers, what happy beings shall wander beneath your twilight shade? ye trees, what hand shall prop your loaded branches; or who shall taste the rich repast they yield? Farewell!

Farewell! forever farewell, ye blissful bowers! ye are too sacred for guilt to approach; your air is too pure for beings contaminated by sin. Alas how is man fallen! the friend of angels, he who issued so pure, so perfect from his Creator's hand. Oh thou! whom I dare no longer call my beloved, thou who hast perished by my fatal crime, forsake me not, detest me not, I conjure thee! Alas! I own I have deserved thy hatred, but by our former affection, by our present wretchedness, I conjure thee forsake me not! Oh! permit me to follow thy steps, to provide for thy wants! thy glance shall be my law, thy wish my will; where thou abidest I will collect flowers to form thy nightly couch; I will wander through these desolate wilds to procure fruits for thy food: too happy (oh! how happy) if thou rewardest my services with but one glance of affection.' I said, and sunk weeping into his arms: he pressed me to his bosom, while my cheeks were bedewed with his tears, and said. My too-feeling, my too affectionate Eve! let us not encrease our misery by self-reproach. God, in the greatness of our punishment, has yet remembered mercy; let us not suffer a murmur or complaint to escape from our lips, which ought

ought only to breathe forth the effusions of gratitude and devotion. He whose all-seeing eye pervades the abysses of darkness, and pierces into the deepest recesses of the sinner's soul, shall behold our resignation, our contrition; our feeble attempts to soften and propitiate him. Embrace me, my beloved: peace and affection shall ever abide with us: our affliction shall be softened by each other's tenderness and sympathy: together we will attempt to gain the highest degree of perfection that in our fallen state, we are capable of: we will support each other under the expectation of death, that fatal evil which it seems is to come slowly and gradually upon us. Let us descend into that cave of the rock, over which the poplars wave. The shades of evening close around; we will pass the night in that place.' Thou wert silent, and I embraced thee, and dried with my hair, the tears from my eyes. We descended into the cave."

Here Eve was silent; and Adam thus continued the narration. "We entered the cave; 'See, my beloved Eve!' exclaimed I, 'what comforts and conveniencies nature still affords us: this grotto will yield us a safe retreat during

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ing the night, and the pure stream which flows through it, will quench our thirst. Here let us spread our couch: but I must secure the entrance against the approach of nightly enemies. What enemies? returned Eve, with anxiety: Hast thou not remarked, said I, that the curse of our sin has fallen on the whole creation: that the bands of friendship are broken between all living beings, and that the weak are now the prey of the stronger? On the plains beneath, yonder, I saw a young lion pursue with furious roar, a timid roe: I saw the birds too, combating in the air. We are no longer the sovereign masters of all created beings; those who formerly crouched or sported at our feet, the lion and the speckled tiger, now glare with fiery eyes upon us, or rush past us, uttering a tremendous roar. We shall, however, be able to tame and subdue some of the mildest of the animals; and from the fury of the others, our reason will protect us."

"I will go, said Eve, and collect herbs and flowers to form our couch; and fruit for our sustenance from the neighbouring trees. She commenced her task with alarm and anxiety;

ety; careful all the while not to lose sight of me. In the mean time, I employed myself in securing the entrance of the cave. She soon returned with the fruit and flowers; we stretched ourselves on the couch, and commenced our simple repast, which was sweetened by social converse and affection. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed; black mountainous clouds, rising in slow succession, gradually veiled the setting sun; they overspread the whole face of Heaven; darkness rested on the earth; all nature seemed to expect in silent horror the approach of the storm. At length it burst above our heads; the blast of the hurricane roared among the hills, and raged through the forests: the lightnings flamed through the black clouds, and the thunder burst in awful peals. Eve, pale with horror, sunk upon my bosom: He comes! the Avenger comes! she exclaimed; armed with all his terrors! he approaches to anihilate us: to desroy all nature in vengeance of my crimes. Oh! Adam! Adam!—She grasped me with convulsive strength, and remained speechless on my bosom. Recollect thyself, my beloved, said I, let us kneel at the entrance of the grot; let us pray to him who walketh

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walketh in darkness, whose thunders proclaim his approach, whose lightnings mark his steps. Oh thou! who lookedst down with such benignity upon me, when I stood first completed by thy forming hand;—how dreadful, how awful art thou when thou comest in judgment!

"We knelt at the entrance of the cave; we covered our pallid faces, expecting every moment to hear the awful sentence pronounced, 'Return to the dust from whence ye sprung!' But the lightnings had now ceased to flash, and the thunders to roar; the rain descended in torrents; I raised my head. The Lord hath passed over us, Eve!—we shall not perish to-day; he will not to-day destroy the world he has formed. The clouds now dispersed, and the setting sun poured a stream of indescribable radiance around, such as we had sometimes seen in Paradise, when legions of angels, hovering in the dewy air, glided in luminous majesty through the glowing Heavens, and tipt each surrounding cloud with hues of fire. All nature smiled with renovated beauty; every tint was brightened,

every lustre heightened; the setting sun shed his last beams upon us, as we knelt and hallowed with silent devotion the awful scene.

" The glowing tints of evening now faded into twilight, and the moon shed a softer light on the scattered clouds. We were now for the first time chilled by the frosts of night; though at noon we had been scorched by the unusual heat of the sun; we wrapped ourselves in the skins which had been thrown over us by our merciful Creator when we quitted Paradise, to mark, that in our misery, he would still succour and relieve us. We stretched ourselves on our flowery couch, and clasped in each other's arms, we awaited the approach of sleep.

" It came, but not as formerly, accompanied by peace and ease; not attended by those smiling images which cheered and delighted us while we were yet innocent; anxiety and terror now disturbed our slumbers; and imagination in dreams presented forms of horror and dismay. The Heavens were calm, and the night passed tranquilly away: but ah! how different was it, my beloved Eve, from that in which

which I led thee to our bridal bower; while the flowers effused a richer fragrance, the nightingales sung in sweeter strains our nuptial song, and the moon shed her softest radiance over Eden's blissful shades. But why do I dwell on images which awaken the griefs now hushed to repose?

"The morning sun had already exhaled the sparkling dews, when we opened our eyes. A few birds only greeted the return of light; for the earth contained then, only the animals which had fled with us from Paradise; that the garden of God might not be polluted by death.

"We offered up our morning adorations, and quitted the cave. Let us proceed farther, my beloved Eve! From that eminence we may overlook the wide-spread landscape, and shall be able to select for our dwelling some spot which combines more advantages than the rest, of beauty and fertility. Dost thou perceive yonder glittering stream which wanders through the green valley? The little hill above it seems crowned by a garden of trees. —My beloved, I follow thy steps, answered

Eve, pressing my hand to her bosom.—We pursued our way to the hill, and as we walked, Eve perceived a bird flying in little circles around, and uttering short shrill notes of distress; its plumage was ruffled and disordered, and having fluttered a short time in the air, it sunk down motionless among the bushes. She approached nearer, and perceived another bird extended beside the mourner on the grass. She bent over it, and considered it for some time, and at length taking it up, she attempted to awaken it. It will not awake, exclaimed she alarmed, and laying the bird from her trembling hand—it will never wake more! The tears gushed from her eyes—He whom thou mournest, continued she to the other bird, was perhaps thy mate. Oh Heavens! it is I who have brought this fatal curse upon the earth; it is for my crime that these innocent creatures are afflicted! She wept aloud, and turning to me exclaimed, What a horrible, what a fatal evil is this!—Cold! motionless!—every joint stiffened, every limb incapable of its office! Speak, Adam! is this Death?—Oh! horror chills my blood;—if this should be the punishment with which we are threatened; if it were thus to divide thee from

from me!—Adam! I tremble! I cannot support the thought—She sunk, almost fainting, on my bosom. I embraced, and soothed her: Cease, my beloved, I exclaimed, by distressing anticipations to heighten our affliction! let us rest with firm confidence on the hope, that God, even in his justice, will remember mercy. Let us not seek to penetrate his designs, but rely with devout humility on his wisdom and goodness; and bow with gratitude and adoration to all his dispensations.

"We now ascended the hill: its gentle acclivity was almost covered with fruit-trees and fragrant shrubs; and on its summit stood a lofty cedar, which reared its branches far above the neighbouring trees, and spread a cool and delightful shade around; a limpid stream murmured through the flowers beside it. We gazed on the wide and beautiful scene before us, whose distant boundaries were lost in the thin air. This spot, said I, affords an image of Paradise; we shall meet no second Eden, but here we may still enjoy many comforts and delights. Receive us, lofty cedar, beneath thy protecting shade. Ye trees! not heedless or ungrateful will I pluck your fruits: they

they shall be the reward of my industrious toil and culture. Almighty Being! deign from thy Heavenly throne to look down on our humble dwelling, accept the prayers of earnest devotion, and unfeigned gratitude, which daily and hourly shall ascend to thee through these thick shades. Here will we earn our bread by the sweat of our brow; beneath this shade, shall Eve with pain and sorrow bring forth children; beneath this shade, we will await the approach of death:—Look down, Oh! Heavenly Father! graciously look down, and deign to bless the abode of sinners. While I thus prayed, Eve, kneeling beside me, raised her hands in silent devotion; while fervour and gratitude beamed in her tearful eyes.

"I immediately began to construct a dwelling under the shade of the Cedar, and planting in the earth a circle of stakes, I interwove them with slender twigs. In the mean time, Eve was employed in conducting little rills from the stream, among the flowers; in pruning or binding up the too luxuriant foliage of the shrubs, or in supporting the flowers which drooped beneath the sun or the wind. She collected, too, the ripe fruits, and

and thus we eat for the first time, food earned by the sweat of our brow.

"As I went to the river, to collect rushes to form the roof of our hut, I saw five sheep, white as the little noon-day clouds, and a young ram in the midst of them, grazing on the shore. I approached gently to them, fearful that they might fly me like the lion and the tiger, which once sported like them at my feet. I was delighted to find them still gentle and fearless, and drove them before me with a rush, to the hill where Eve was employed among the luxuriant grass, in weaving a bower of fragrant shrubs. Intent on her work, she did not perceive the sheep, till their bleatings caught her ear. She started and looked round: the branches escaped from her hands; she paused timidly for a moment, and then exclaimed, Oh! they are mild and gentle as when in Paradise; welcome, innocent creatures, ye shall dwell with us; here are fragrant herbs and luxuriant grass, and a clear stream to quench your thirst. How delightful will it be to us to behold your frolic sports as we recline beneath the

the shade. She said, and patted their woolly fleeces.

" Our habitation was now finished, and Eve and I sat before its entrance in the shade; we gazed on the extended landscape, absorbed in silent musing, till Eve thus spoke. The prospect before us is indeed beautifully variegated, and this our hill is decked with a thousand fragrant shrubs and flowers; but could we select the different charms of the whole landscape to ornament our dwelling, it would still bear as little comparison to Paradise, as the angels who visited us there told us, Paradise does to Heaven itself. Alas! how gay, how beautiful were those bowers; nature shed her sweetest influence over them: each plant, each tree, grew with such rich luxuriance: how beautiful was the variegated mixture of fragrant flowers and blushing fruits: what innumerable species of trees spread their broad shadow o'er the luxuriant herbage! Alas! I cannot discover them here: the earth, perhaps, (since the curse pronounced upon it) no longer yields them; or they are sparingly distributed over distant regions. I have observed already, Adam, that death and corruption

tion extend over every kingdom of nature: I have beheld the fruits fall and decay, the flowers droop and fade; I have seen the withering shrubs and trees stripped of their foliage. It is true, that the decaying trees put forth young shoots, and the flowers, ere they perish, commit their seeds to the bosom of the earth, from which new flowers spring; thus shall we, my beloved, fade and return to dust; thus shall we be renewed in our children.

"She was silent: and touched with melancholy, I replied—Dearest Eve! far other cares oppress my breast; it were little to have lost Paradise, to have forfeited for ever that seat of bliss; but to be banished from the spot which my Creator blessed with his peculiar favour, where, veiling his insupportable radiance, he deigned to become visible to my eyes, while nature hallowed in awful silence, the presence of her God: this, this indeed afflicts me. Alas! how often, prostrated before him, have I dared to address myself to him, while the Almighty listened with celestial benignity to the creature of his hand, and ever deigned to answer him. We have forfeited

feited for ever this glorious privilege, granted only to the pure spirits. Can he who is all purity, deign to associate with sinners; to descend upon that earth degraded by his curse? It is true, that from his Heavenly throne, he looks down with an eye of compassion on our afflictions; and that his mercy exceeds the utmost hopes our misery could form. But even the angels who descend to execute his commands, veil their heavenly radiance, and hasten to quit these regions of corruption; they deign not to become visible to our eyes, or to hold converse with beings, sunk and degraded by disobedience and sin.

"Dispirited, we ceased our conversation, and gazing on the earth, remained lost in thought. As we thus mused, a dazzling and resplendant cloud, slowly descending, rested on the hill, and from it issued a celestial being, whose countenance beamed with majesty and sweetness. We prostrated ourselves before the heavenly messenger, who thus addressed us. 'He who dwelleth above the Heavens, has heard thy complaints: Go, said he, and inform these children of affliction, that my presence is not circumscribed by the boundaries

boundaries of Heaven: that every thing I have created shares it. Who giveth lustre to the sun, or guideth the stars in their course? who biddeth the earth to bring forth her fruits, and day and night, in regular succession pursue each other? Who preserveth all beings who live and move? Who preventeth thee, Oh Adam! from sinking into death and corruption? Where'er thou goest, I still am with thee; the most secret thoughts of thy heart art known to me.'

"I stood confused by the angel's presence, and dazzled by his insufferable radiance; at length, raising my eyes, I said, How unspeakable is the mercy of the Lord! he seeth our misery, and sendeth his angels to comfort us. Alas! I stand overcome with shame before thee: I scarce dare raise my eyes to thee; yet permit me to express the cares and dark forebodings that fill my heart. I feel, I see the presence of the Almighty throughout the whole creation. That he who is all purity should hold nearer communication with beings polluted by disobedience and sin, is not to be hoped, to be asked. Yet, deprived of the privileges which once blessed him, and viewing

ing the Almighty only through the medium of his works, will not man become gradually more and more depraved? will he not finally be totally estranged from his Creator? This thought continually afflicts and oppresses me.

"The celestial Being deigned thus to answer me. 'Father of men, He in whom all creation lives and breathes, will not thus abandon thy descendants to ignorance and guilt. Often will their crimes provoke his vengeance: by his thunders and his terrors he will manifest himself unto them; sinners shall tremble in the dust, and confess the power and the justice of their God. Still oftener, by his mercies will he make himself known. He will call back his people when they have wandered from his ways; he will raise up holy men among them to enlighten their minds, and to lead them back from the wilderness of error and perdition, to the paths of righteousness and peace. He will send prophets to them, who shall make his judgments known, while they are yet hid in the bosom of futurity; and point out the hidden wisdom which guides and determines events, that to mortal eyes appear the effects of chance and fate.

He

He will speak to them by angels and by miracles; and with some of the most righteous among them, he will even deign to hold converse and communication: till at length, when the fullness of time is come, the great mystery of salvation shall be unveiled, and the seed of the woman shall finally bruise the serpent's head.

" He was silent: emboldened by his condescension and mildness, I ventured to say, Celestial friend! if a sinner may call thee by that name, (yet angels will not hate him whom the Almighty hath not despised: him to whom the eternal mercy has manifested itself with such splendour, that the inhabitants of Heaven are lost in astonishment and admiration, and the soul, humbled in the dust, knoweth not how to express her gratitude and joy) Oh! tell me, Heavenly spirit! if it is permitted to thee to lift the veil which conceals these sacred mysteries; tell me what means the Almighty's promise, 'The seed of the woman shall bruize the serpent's head.' What imports the curse 'Thou shalt die?'

" The angel answered; 'All that I am permitted

permitted to reveal to thee, I will disclose. Know then, Adam, that when thou hadst disobeyed the divine command, the voice of God pronounced from his eternal throne: 'Man hath sinned: he shall die.' Instantly a cloud of darkness veiled the eternal throne; an awful silence reigned in Heaven. Never before had the Almighty concealed his brightness from his angels; never till then had their songs of praise and thanksgiving ceased. Not long did silence reign; the cloud dispersed, and the brightness of the Eternal shone forth with tenfold glory: (such as it appeared in that memorable instant, when his creative voice, passing through the immeasurable void, called this universe into being, and bade the sun and the stars rejoicing run their course.) Angels, astonished, beheld the unusual splendour; Heaven listened enraptured, while his awful voice pronounced, 'I will not turn my face from the sinner; the earth shall bear witness of my mercy. Of the woman shall be born an avenger who shall bruise the head of the serpent. Hell shall not boast of its victory: death shall lose its prey. Ye Heavens! celebrate the tidings of mercy.'

"So

"So spake the Eternal; archangels had sunk before the blaze of his glory, had not a thin cloud tempered its insufferable brightness. The Heavenly host celebrated the tidings of peace and good-will to man. The sacred mystery of atonement, by which God is reconciled to sinners, is concealed from the archangels themselves. We only know, (and I am permitted to inform thee) that death shall only have power to free the soul from its mortal habitation; and that though the body shall moulder in the dust, the spirit shall return to God who gave it.—Hear, Adam! what thy Creator by me declares to thee. 'I will be gracious to thee, and to thy seed: and there shall be a sign between us, as a memorial of this great promise. Raise now an altar upon thy hill, and in remembrance of this day, offer annually upon it, a young lamb: my fire shall descend from Heaven to consume thy sacrifice, and to testify my favour, and my remembrance of thee.'

"I have now disclosed to thee, Adam! as much as it is allowed to man to know. The Almighty has moreover permitted me, ere I return to him, to discover to you, that the earth (though

(though it has incurred his curse) is still inhabited by pure spirits, who at his command continually watch over your safety and happiness.' The angel approached and touched our eyes. Words are too weak to describe the beauties which were then revealed to us: innumerable Heavenly spirits hovered around, more beautiful than Eve when she first issued from the hands of her creator, and with soft voice, awakened me to her embraces. Some bade the light mists arise from the bosom of the earth, and bearing them upwards on their shadowy wings, dispersed them in balmy dews and gentle showers. Others, reclining by the murmuring brooks, watched lest their pure springs should fail, and the flowers be deprived of their humid aliment. Some, dispersed over the meadows, tended the growth of fruits, or painted the opening flowers with all the rain-bow's tints, and breathing on them, bestowed their sweet perfume. Some wafted gentle breezes from their glittering wings, which, whispering through the groves, or fanning the new-blown flowers, played upon the dimpled surface of the brook, or placid lake.—Some, pausing from their labours, reclined in the cool shade, and unheard

heard by human ear, chanted to their golden harps, the praises of the Most High. Many hovered around our dwelling, or reclined beneath our bowers: their countenances were marked with the tenderest sympathy and mildness:—but the shades of darkness soon returned again to our eyes, and the lovely scenes vanished.

"'These,' said the angel, 'are the pure spirits appointed to watch over the earth: the Almighty has formed every part of his creation to be enjoyed; nature contains a thousand beauties and wonders, too exquisite, and too subtle to be perceived by mortal sense; and these enrapture and delight innumerable Heavenly beings such as you have seen. These celestial spirits are also appointed to direct nature in her secret course, and to assist her to fulfil the immutable laws imposed by her Creator. They are occupied in watching over and directing the fate of man: unseen they regulate his actions, prevent his evil designs, or ward off from him impending dangers. They are the delighted witnesses of thy domestic happiness; they behold with smiles of

approbation, every virtuous, every benevolent deed, and mark with regret every evil action.'

" Thus spoke the angel, and veiling himself in the glittering cloud, he reascended to Heaven, while we knelt, overpowered by rapture, at his feet, and poured forth with tears, our gratitude to the Eternal One.

" I raised an altar on the brow of the hill: and Eve, with unceasing care, formed a little Paradise round the sacred spot. She planted near the altar, every fragrant herb and flower which these hills afford; and refreshed them every morning and eve with the pure waters of a murmuring rill. Ye guardian spirits! who hover over me, fulfil my work, she exclaimed: unaided by you, all my labour were vain. Oh! let the flowers which I have planted, bloom here with more beauty than in their native soil; for this spot is sacred to the Lord. In the mean time, I had planted a grove of trees around, whose lofty branches soon shed a solemn shade over the altar.

" Amid such occupations the sultry summer passed away; autumn was already at an end;

end; stern winter came with its storms, and shrouded the mountains in clouds. We beheld with anxiety and grief the altered face of nature; we knew not that the exhausted earth requires the repose of winter to recruit its strength; for before the fatal fall, spring, summer, and autumn, went hand in hand, and smiling dispersed their rich and various gifts. Every day the gloom encreased; the plants withered and died; a few solitary flowers still bloomed on the meads and round the altar, but seemed with drooping heads, to mourn their approaching decay. At length, the rushing winds robbed the trees of their last yellow foliage; they shook the lingering fruits from the boughs, and howled over the withered and desolate plains; the rain fell in torrents, and continual snows shrouded the mountain's melancholy head.

"We gazed with mute anguish on this scene of desolation; we believed that now, for the first time, the curse began to take effect upon the earth. Will nature then, we said, lose every remains of beauty? The earth was desolate in comparison to Paradise: yet afforded still pleasures and comforts sufficient

cient to reconcile us to existence; but if the malediction falls thus heavily upon it, how cheerless, how wretched will our days be! —Thus we at first gave vent to our fears and discontent: but returning reason soon instructed us to root them from our hearts, and devoutly to rely on the wisdom and the goodness of our God.

"We now collected the fruits which had escaped corruption and decay, and drying them on the hearth to preserve them, we laid them by for our subsistence during the winter. I strengthened the roof of our hut, and thickened the fences around it, to protect us from the storms and the rain. In the mean time, our little flock wandered languidly over the hills, and gained a scanty subsistence from the herbs that were yet sparingly scattered around; I sometimes myself collected food for them in the meads and woods, which I stored up in our hut for their support.

"The dark and stormy days passed slowly and heavily away; at length the enlivening sun returned, and dispersed the melancholy clouds; and gentle zephyrs chased the lingering

ing mists from the mountain's brow. Nature smiled again in youthful beauty; the earth assumed once more its robe of tender green: the meads were again variegated with a thousand flowers, that expanded to meet the genial beams of the sun. The thickets and groves were decked with innumerable blossoms; and joy and gladness reigned throughout all nature.—Thus the gay morning of the year, delightful spring, returned to revive and cheer the earth.

"The trees which I had planted round the sacred spot, flourished with peculiar beauty; and Eve with delighted surprise, beheld the flowers she had planted, blooming anew round the altar, or gradually piercing the softened earth with their tender shoots. I should in vain attempt, my children! to give you an idea of our rapture: full of inexpressible joy and gratitude, we prostrated ourselves before the altar. The sun poured his purest radiance on the sacred spot: every creature appeared to join in the praise of our Creator: the flowers filled the air with their delightful incense: the branches, white with blossoms, waved over the altar: the little winged inhabitants

bitants of the grass, chirped forth their joy; while the birds warbled unceasingly from the leafy sprays: we knelt, and while tears of pleasure flowed from our eyes, and mingled with the morning dew on the fresh flowers, we offered up our grateful and heart-felt thanksgivings to the Lord; to that God who is all mercy, and whose wisdom, from apparent evil can bring forth good.

"I now began to cultivate a little field on the hill, and committed the seeds I had preserved to the bosom of the earth. I transplanted to the hill, the young fruit-trees which I found in the surrounding plains; and nature, or chance, and sometimes my own invention, assisted me with the means of lessening my labour. Often did my ignorance of the seasons, and of the proper soils of the different plants, defeat my hopes, and render my labours fruitless. But these errors were sometimes corrected by after-consideration and thought, and still oftener removed by the benign suggestions of the protecting spirits, who vouchsafed to advise and instruct me.

"One morning, as at early dawn I quitted my

my hut, I perceived the flame of the Lord blazing upon the altar, and glittering through the dim twilight. The rising sun gilt with his beams the column of ascending smoke. Eve! I exclaimed, to-day is the awful festival of the great reconciliation. Behold, the flame of the Lord has already descended on our altar. Quick, let us hasten to celebrate the day of the Lord; let us rest from every labour: go thou, and collect the sweetest flowers to strew over the sacrifice; and I will slaughter one of the youngest and fairest of our flock.—I went, my children: I slaughtered a young lamb: 'twas the first living creature I had killed. Oh! what a sight of horror! my blood froze in my veins; I shivered, as it struggled beneath my trembling hands, which would never have been able to fulfil their office, but that the sacredness of the occasion, and the command of the Lord, gave me strength to proceed; it moaned beneath the stroke; its quivering limbs beat with fainter pulsations, till at length it lay lifeless before me. Dreadful forebodings chilled my soul, as I contemplated it. But I laid it on the altar, and Eve then approaching, covered

covered it with fragrant flowers. We knelt in heart-felt devotion before the altar: our praises and thanksgivings arose to the Lord, who had thus graciously fulfilled his promises: a sacred stillness reigned around; the earth hallowed the presence of its Creator; and sweet and soothing strains of heavenly music died along the air, as if according angels mixed their songs of praise and gratitude with ours. The flame had soon consumed the sacrifice; and as it expired on the altar, a heavenly perfume was diffused around.

"Not long after this sacred day of solemn reconciliation, returning one evening at sunset from my labour, I hastened as usual, to seek my beloved in the hut. I was disappointed in not finding her there, or in the bowers: I sought her anxiously through the grove, and at length discovered her, faint and exhausted, reclining by the stream, with thee, my first-born, lying on her bosom. The pains of child-birth had come upon her, as she pursued her gentle labours by the stream: she bedewed thee with tears of joy, and smiling on me as I approached her, I salute thee, father

ther of man! she exclaimed; the Lord has supported me during my bitter anguish: I have born thee this son. As soon as my eyes were blessed with the sight of him, I named him Cain. Oh my first-born! the Lord has graciously beheld thee in the hour of thy birth; to his praise may all thy days be consecrated. How weak, how helpless is the offspring of woman! May'st thou, my sweet infant! flourish like the opening flower of spring; may thy life be a sweet and acceptable perfume to the Lord.—Tears of pleasure filled my eyes also: I took thee, my first-born, in my arms—I salute thee, mother of men! said I to Eve: blessed be the Lord who had pity on thee in the hour of thy trouble: welcome, my child, welcome, Oh Cain! the first that has with pain and sorrow been born of woman. Oh God! behold thy weak creature with compassion; shed thy benign influence on the morning of his days. How delightful will it be to me to instruct his young mind in thy wonders; to accustom his infant lips to thy praise. Oh my beloved Eve! thus shall a lovely race spring up around thee. Does not the sweet thought

repay

repay thee for thy past anguish? does it not mitigate thy present sufferings? We shall behold our children dwell around us on the hill; we shall look down on their peaceful habitations spread over the plains. If death does not too early cut us off from the midst of them, we shall, like the bees, with united industry, assist each other in providing for the subsistence and the comfort of the little community. Often shall we, my beloved! descend from our hill to visit our children in the plains; to relate to them the wondrous works of our Creator, to exhort them to virtue and goodness; to rejoice in their pleasures, or to comfort them under their afflictions.—Then shall we from the brow of our hill, behold a thousand altars smoke around: the ascending incense shall enshroud us in its fragrant clouds, and through them our prayers and thanksgivings shall arise for the whole human race: and on the solemn festival of the reconciliation, when the Heavenly flame burns on the first sacred altar, we will call our children together, and sacrifice to our Almighty Father, while they kneel in a wide circle around us.

"Thus

" Thus I spoke, while my heart glowed with pleasure; and I impressed a kiss of the tenderest affection on thy infant cheek, my son! Thy mother stretched forth her feeble arms to receive thee: I assisted her to rise from the flowery turf; and bore her still faint and exhausted to our hut.

" Thy little limbs soon acquired strength and activity: thy cheeks glowed with health, and thine eyes beamed with pleasure and animation. Thou wert already able to frolic with tender feet among the flowers, and lisp in soothing tones thy infant thoughts, when Eve brought forth Mahala, thy beloved. Joyful thou danced'st around the little stranger, kissed her, and covered her with new-blown flowers. In the succeeding year, thou wert born, Abel; and lastly, Eve brought forth Thirza thy beloved. With what transport we beheld your youthful sports, and innocent delights: we saw your tender minds by degrees unfold, and arrive gradually at maturity. We watched over you with the most anxious care, eager to implant the seeds of virtue in your breasts, and to guard your young minds against

against every evil passion or inclination. For I perceived, even while ye sported as infants round my knees, that the human mind, like the earth, (cursed for our transgressions) required cultivation to bring forth its virtuous fruits; and diligent care to prevent its being overgrown with the rank weeds of vice and error. I have now the comfort of beholding you grown up, as from tender shrubs to fruitful trees; praised be the Lord for his innumerable mercies vouchsafed unto us! may tender love and pure virtue ever animate your hearts!—so shall the blessing of the Most High descend upon you, and rest upon your fields, and on your dwellings."

Adam was silent. As when a gentle youth accompanied by his beloved, wanders through the still twilight listening to the song of the nightingale; whose tender strains, accordant with their feelings, draws tears of artless pleasure from their eyes, and entrances them, long after the songstress has finished, in mute and delighted attention—Thus when our general father ceased to speak, his children remained fixed in silent attention: their sympathy

pathy had accompanied him through every part of his recital: it had called forth their smiles, and bathed their cheeks with tears. They now expressed their gratitude to him: Cain offered too his thanks; but he alone had neither wept nor smiled.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THEY left the bower. Abel embraced his brother; they separated, and each pair pursued their moon-light way, to their respective huts. "What pleasure fills my soul!" exclaimed Abel to his Thirza, "my brother is no longer estranged from me, he will love me. With what delight I beheld the tears of affection which to-day moistened his cheeks. No, not so grateful are the dews to the flowers, as those tears to me. The storm which rages within his bosom is hushed to peace: tranquillity and joy are restored to us. Oh! thou Almighty

Almighty Being! who so benignly watched over the happiness of our parents, while they were yet solitary in the unpeopled earth, look down with a gracious eye upon my brother: chace from his bosom every baleful, every tumultuous passion: never, never may any again arise there to destroy his peace!"

Thirza embraced him. "The soft rain," said she, "is not so refreshing to the parched fields, nor was the return of spring after the first dreary winter, more delightful to the lonely inhabitants of the earth, than were my brother's tears, this day, to me: those pledges of his renewed affection. Oh! blessed hour! returning youth and cheerfulness sit on our parent's brows; joy and gladness animate every bosom: every charm of nature appears more beauteous: even the soft moonlight is more than usually sweet and soothing to me." Thus did Thirza pour forth the artless effusions of her pure and innocent heart.

In the mean time Cain, accompanied by his Mahala, pursued the path to their hut. She gazed tenderly upon him, pressed his hand to her lips, and at length said, "My beloved!

beloved! wherefore does care and anxiety still hover over thee? are not the blessed events of to-day, of power to chase this gloom from thy countenance, and disperse the frowns which contract thy brow?—Thy firmer mind does not, I know, yield easily to those softer joys and tender expressions of pleasure, to which souls of a less unbending cast are prone; but in this hour, when pleasure smiles in every eye, and glows on every countenance, on this day, which has witnessed thy blessed reconciliation with thy brother, on which the Almighty looked down well pleased from his eternal throne; while hovering angels shed tears of pleasure and of transport—on this day, my beloved, suffer me to express the tenderness which overflows my heart; suffer me to clasp thee to my throbbing bosom."

Cain returned her embrace, and said, "The excess of thy joy offends me, and conveys a reproach to me; it seems to say that Cain is amended, is corrected; that he was formerly vicious and unjust, that he hated his brother. Ridiculous! shall it be concluded that I disliked my brother, because I did not continually pursue him with tears

and embraces? I never hated him; never! I saw indeed, with disgust, that his tender, his effeminate attentions rivalled me in the affections, and stole from me the hearts of those whom I most wished to conciliate:—Mahala! not without cause do care and anxiety cloud my brow. How great was my father's imprudence in relating to us the history of the fall and all its fatal consequences! what need was there for us to know, and to be so often told, that through his and Eve's transgressions, we have forfeited Paradise, and are condemned to misery? But for this fatal confidence, we might have borne our wretchedness with patience, unconscious of the loss we have sustained." Mahala restrained the tears which started into her eyes; she paused a moment, and gazed on her husband's countenance, anxious to discover whether she might venture to answer or to expostulate with him; at length, in gentle accents she exclaimed—

"Oh! forgive me, my beloved!—I cannot restrain my tears; forgive me, if I conjure thee to chase far from thee the clouds of melancholy and anxiety which are again collecting

lecting round thy brow. Reproach not our affectionate parents, who in relating to us the mercies and the wonders shewn to fallen man, meant only to inspire in our hearts the warmest sentiments of gratitude and devotion. Oh! reproach them not, who behold with such anguish every tear of sorrow that we shed, every gesture in us that bespeaks discontent or uneasiness. Rouze thyself, my beloved, combat the rankling evil that would steal again into thy breast, to obscure all our future days with sorrow." She was silent, and fixed her mild eyes, bedewed with tears, upon him. A smile of tenderness tempered the sternness of his countenance as he replied, " Console thyself, my beloved, embrace me: I will chase away these melancholy and painful reflections; thy days and mine shall be no longer overclouded by sorrow."

Long had Anamelech (one of the inferior spirits of hell) beheld with watchful eye the contending passions that raged in the bosom of Cain. This fallen angel, though of an inferior class of spirits, equalled Satan himself in pride and ambition.—Often forsaking his despised associates, he wandered in

solitude through the gloomy wastes of hell, where streams of fire crept through the parched earth, where gloomy caverns yawned amid the darkness, and monstrous rocks reared their tremendous heads, shrouded by eternal storms. The reflection of the flames which blazed on the surrounding hills, threw a dusky and gloomy twilight over his path, as he wandered, the prey of discontent and restless ambition.—When hell, with tumultuous shouts, celebrated the praises and triumph of her king, who returning from the new created world, proudly related from his burning throne, how he had seduced the new-formed pair, and had obliged the Eternal to pronounce upon them the decree of death and sorrow, the venom of envy swelled in the bosom of Anamelech. "Shall he sit proudly on his throne, and be surrounded by triumph and applause, while I pass unheeded among the vulgar crowd that peoples these gloomy regions? No—I will do such deeds as shall astonish hell itself: as shall force even Satan to pronounce my name with awe and reverence."

He said, and meditated in gloomy solitude,

tude, projects for the destruction of the human race:—he spread misery and wretchedness through the new creation, and hell itself heard his name with horror. It was he, who in a later age, incited a ruthless monarch to ordain the destruction of the hapless infants of Bethlehem; he beheld with an infernal smile, those fiends in human shapes, who plunged their poniards into the innocent bosoms of these infants, while their frantic mothers pierced the air with shrieks of anguish, and strove in vain to protect them in their trembling arms.

"I will arise," exclaimed he, "I will ascend to earth; I will learn the full import of the awful sentence, 'Thou shalt die,' and I will accelerate the fate of man." He said, and passing on swift pinions through the portals of hell, he pursued the path which Satan had first traced through the awful regions of chaos and old night.

Long did he wander on rapid wing through the gloomy waste; at length he perceived, faint gleaming through the darkness, the distant

distant light of an exterior planet, and directed by its beams, he arrived on the frontiers of the new creation: dazzled by the lustre of the Heavenly bodies, and astonished by the beauties of the scene before him, he hovered long over the earth, seeking with earnest gaze, the abode of man; at length his piercing glance discovered it; he descended, and concealed himself in a tufted thicket.

"And this," said he, "is the earth, against which the Almighty's curse has been pronounced. I beheld at a distance Paradise, the first abode of the new-created pair, guarded by cherubims with flaming swords; its bowers were inferior only to the celestial regions in beauty; this they have forfeited for ever: but the dwelling which is now assigned them is not a hell; perhaps they have mitigated his anger with weak and abject prayers; perhaps he has assigned punishments to their coarser frames, of which celestial and ætherial spirits would not be susceptible. For I could enjoy happiness amid these scenes, but for the hell that I feel within my

my bosom.—I see celestial spirits wandering through these shades: I must elude their observation, or their protecting care might defeat my great designs, and render me the scorn, instead of the admiration of hell. I perceive the new-created beings employed yonder on the hill: they do not appear to be wretched: perhaps their misery commences only with death: I will tempt them, and impel them to their fate. Their hearts are still open to seduction—by what an easy wile did Satan succeed in corrupting them while they were yet perfect—how much less difficult will it be to subvert them in their present state, degraded by sin, and laden with the curse of their God. I will impel them to such crimes as shall make their Heavenly guardians forsake the earth with horror; as shall oblige Him who created them, to annihilate them with his thunders, or to precipitate them into the depths of hell. With triumphant shouts we shall witness the destruction of these favorites of Heaven; we shall behold them struggling amid the burning billows.—Yonder stands one of them whose gloomy brow is impressed with the traces of care and discontent. If I may trust the expression of his countenance, he is

a proper subject for me to work upon. I will approach him, I will observe every one of his thoughts and actions." He said, and intent on mischief and seduction, mingled unseen among the human race.

Unperceived by Cain and his wife, the evil spirit had hovered over them, and had listened to their conversation; scarcely had they retired to their hut, when bursting out into scornful laughter, he exclaimed, "Combat the rankling evil that would steal into thy heart! chase away the dark clouds of discontent that are returning to overshade thee!—No! what is good shall never germinate in thy ungrateful heart: I will destroy it. I will bid the clouds of discontent and anxiety collect in darker shades around thy wretched head: black and impenetrable shall they rise, as the thunder-clouds that rest in eternal darkness on the summits of the infernal mountains. Thou hast thyself rendered the task easy to me: I will accumulate on thy guilty head, sorrow and wretchedness yet unknown to mortals; thy days shall be shrouded in misery, dark as the eternal gloom that reigns in hell, on which no morrow dawns."

The

The smiling morn returned with all its beauty, inspiring cheerfulness and joy: Cain seized his implements of husbandry, and was repairing to the field: Abel had already mildly saluted him, as he passed, leading his flocks to the dewy meads: and Thirza and Mahala, hand in hand were preparing to enter the inclosure which surrounded the altar, when Eve approached them, with unsteady steps, and gestures marked by agitation and sorrow. They eagerly inquired the cause of her distress; she gazed on them with eyes bedewed with tears, and in broken accents said, "Oh children! did ye not hear the piercing groans that issued from our hut? Acute pains have this night fallen upon your father; he struggles with the anguish that penetrates his very bones; he tries to suppress the deep-drawn sighs, that in spite of himself, escape from his oppressed bosom. Oh! my children! dark and horrible forebodings arise in my distracted mind; my heart is dead to every hope or comfort. Often when he lies silent, concealing his anguish, some half-breathed groan betrays it to me; I see the cold dews stand upon his forehead, and the long restrained tears pour in torrents over his pallid cheeks. Dreadful apprehensions

apprehensions oppress my shuddering soul. Support me my children, I must return to your beloved father!" She said, and reclining, wept upon Mahala's bosom. Her children supported her, and accompanied her to the hut.

They surrounded the couch of their suffering parent; whose countenance, though now tranquil, bore witness to the pain he had suffered. He gazed on the mourners with a tender smile, and said, "My beloved children, it has pleased the Lord to inflict pain and anguish upon me; blessed be his holy name. Perhaps he has ordained these pains to unloose the bands that unite the immortal soul to this frail body; perhaps this frame, so wonderfully, so artfully formed, is about to return to its native dust. Whatever be his will, I submit with unfeigned resignation: in silent and devout meditation, I will await the last awful hour: even in my expiring moments, I will praise the Lord of life and death. My soul, freed from its mortal chains, and no longer oppressed by its creator's curse, will be able to offer him a nobler and more elevated praise. It is just that I should be the first to return to

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my native earth: Oh God of consolation! assist me, support me in this awful hour: let every blessed hope which thou hast deigned to inspire, be present to my soul, to cheer and sooth it in this moment of horror. Forsake me not, my Creator! when my trembling spirit is about to abandon its mortal habitation: when the last pang shoots through my quivering limbs. My beloved Eve! my children! let me not witness such excessive grief: ye stand transfixed in silent sorrow. Oh! afflict me not with the sight of your anguish. Perhaps these pains are only the distant forerunners of death, which is slowly and gradually to come upon me: perhaps the Lord will remove the pangs that now afflict me. But prepare your souls, and let them not sink beneath the weight of your grief, if he should have ordained that my spirit should now forsake this mortal frame, if I am now, to be separated from those who are so inexpressibly dear to me." He paused, and tears of tenderness overflowed his eyes: he gazed wistfully upon them all, but longest and most earnestly upon Eve. "It is true," continued he, "that the sight of the death of the first sinner will be distressing to humanity, will have

have something inexpressibly horrible in it; but may He support you, who in all our wretchedness, never forsook us, who will not abandon me in that awful hour.—Leave me for the present, my children: go, offer up your earnest prayers for me: perhaps a soft sleep may relieve my pains, and animate my exhausted limbs with new strength."

The father of men was silent: his children bent over his couch, and kissed his feeble hand. "Yes, father!" they exclaimed, "we we will offer up our ardent prayers for thee: may softest slumbers lull the sense of pain, and renovate thy wasted strength:—Oh! if our prayers are accepted, thou shalt awake, restored to all thy former health and vigour."

With suppressed sighs they left the cottage; Eve only remained. "I would slumber;" said Adam, "weep not, my beloved Eve, or my renewed affliction will chase repose far from me." He concealed his face in the skins which formed his couch: he sought to conceal from his wife the anguish which overflowed his soul. "The awful hour is at length arrived!" exclaimed he to himself, "How fearfully

fully it comes upon me! Oh God! forsake me not in this extremity. Yet even in this moment of terror, how great were my consolation, my comfort, if these pains, these agonies, could finally expiate my sin, could exempt my wretched descendants from the punishment of my crimes; but it is decreed, all that have life must die; all that are born of woman, shall return to dust. The veil of darkness that enshrouds me, shall extend over all created beings; all who have received life from me, like me shall die: like me, shall be torn from the beloved objects of their fondest affections, the dear connexions that render life most precious. Oh Eve! my beloved! what affliction will rend thy heart; what tears wilt thou shed over my senseless dust! Dreadful forebodings! will not my inanimate reliques tremble, when the forlorn orphan deplores the loss of his beloved parents; when helpless parents weep their children dead, the expected support of their age; when the brother mourns his sister, the distracted wife laments the husband of her affection, or the frantic youth clasps with convulsive anguish, the pale remains of his beloved bride? Oh spare my children! spare my senseless dust! Oh! breathe not curses against my

to such effeminate tenderness. Will they say my disposition is stern and unbending? Will they believe I love my father less than Abel does, because I did not sob like him? Heaven knows I love my father, tenderly love him; but I cannot command my tears to flow."

Oppressed with sorrow, Abel wandered through the meads: his eyes streamed with tears; at length he cast himself upon the earth, and hiding his face against the turf, whose flowers he watered with his tears, he thus addressed his humble prayer to the Almighty.—

"Oh! fountain of eternal mercy and wisdom, humbled in the dust I address my prayer to thee; for thou wilt permit the sinner to relieve his oppressed heart, and pour forth his sorrows to thee. I cannot hope that the decrees of thine unerring justice may be reversed or softened by the supplications of a miserable mortal; I only pray for strength and fortitude to endure our affliction. But if it seemeth good to thy eternal wisdom, grant, Oh! grant the life of Adam to our earnest supplications. Restore our revered parent to his children:

children: restore the beloved husband to his afflicted wife, whose happiness or misery depends solely on him; whose very existence is bound up in his. Defer the hour of his death, Oh Heavenly Father! At thy command, pain and sorrow shall depart from him: new vigour shall animate his feeble limbs, and glide along his veins:—the burst of heart-felt devotion and gratitude shall arise to thee from all the dwellings of mortals.—But if thy wisdom has decreed he shall die —Oh! forgive my anguish;—pardon my faultering tongue, my feeble heart, which trembles at the thought!—If he must die—support, console him in that awful hour; forgive our ceaseless tears, our bitter grief, and deign to infuse comfort and hope into our afflicted bosoms. Forsake us not in our misery: preserve us from sinking under the weight of our calamity; instruct us to support it, and to bless thy chastening hand."

Thus Abel prayed; and bowed by grief and humility, he remained still prostrate on the earth, when a rustling sound aroused his attention. Balmy perfumes filled the air; he looked up and perceived a guardian angel,

radiant with celestial beauty, standing before him. His brow was entwined with roses; his smile was lovely as the summer-morning's dawn. In gentle accents he said, "Abel! the Lord hath listened to thy prayer; he hath commanded me to assume an embodied form, and to convey to thee comfort and relief in thy affliction.

"The Eternal Being who provides for the happiness of every creature he has formed, from the angel of light, who glories in his presence, down to the creeping worm, that wanders among the grass, has mercifully commanded the earth to produce in its bosom, remedies for the pains and infirmities to which (since the curse pronounced against them) its inhabitants are unfortunately liable. Receive these flowers and roots: they possess healing powers. Go, boil them in the clear water of the stream. Thy suffering father shall be restored to life and vigour by the healing draught."

The angel presented the flowers and roots, and vanished: Abel stood transfixed in silent ecstacy. "Oh God!" he cried, "what am

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I—a sinner in the dust, that thou should'st thus graciously regard my supplication? How can a mortal thank thee? thou whose praise angels themselves cannot sufficiently exalt!" Pleasure gave wings to his feet: he hastened to his hut, and with eager impatience prepared the healing draught. He flew with it to his father, beside whose couch, Eve still sat overwhelmed with silent sorrow, while Thirza and Mahala bent over her, with gestures expressive of the tenderest sympathy and affection. They beheld with astonishment, the pleasure that animated his whole form, that glowed on his cheeks, and sparkled in his eyes. "My mother! my beloved!" he exclaimed, "weep no more; the Lord hath listened to our supplications; he has sent us relief. His angel appeared to me as I prayed in the meads, and brought me roots and flowers of healing power, which he commanded me to boil, and to administer to my suffering father." They heard him with rapturous astonishment, and gave utterance to the delightful effusions of gratitude and joy. Adam, raising himself on his couch, with fervent devotion returned thanks to the Lord,

and drank the fragrant draught. Then seizing Abel's hand, which he pressed to his lips, and moistened with his tears, " My son !" he said, " blessed be thou, through whom the Lord hath vouchsafed to send me relief and comfort; thou, in whose pure virtue he delighteth: whose righteous prayers he ever graciously accepts :—Oh ! blessed be thou, my son."—And Eve hung over him, speechless with joy and gratitude, and blessed the child who had afforded relief and comfort to his father.

While his delighted relations still pressed about him, Cain returned from the field. " Anxious apprehensions alarm me," said he to himself, " I will repair to my father's hut, perhaps my presence may be necessary there : perhaps, alas ! he may expire, and I shall not catch his last sigh, nor receive a parting blessing from his lips." But when he entered the hut, he beheld with astonishment the pleasure and emotion which were visible in every countenance ; he heard his father pronounce his tender blessing on Abel, and Mahala, throwing herself into his arms, related, with

with tears of joy, the divine assistance which had been manifested to them through Abel. Cain approached his father's bed; he kissed his hand, and said, "I salute thee, my father! praised be the Lord, who has restored thee to our earnest prayers. But hast thou no blessing for me, my father? Thou hast blessed him through whom the Lord sent thee relief: bless me, thy first-born also, my father!"

"Oh Cain! Cain! blessed be thou my first-born!" exclaimed Adam, in feeble accents, as he pressed his son's hand in his: "May the grace of the Lord descend upon thee; peace dwell in thy bosom; undisturbed tranquillity be within thy soul!"

Cain now advancing to his brother, embraced him: for he felt he could not avoid it, when every one else had expressed their gratitude and affection for him. He then left the hut, and hastening to shroud himself in the deepest recesses of the grove, gave vent to the dark and gloomy ideas which filled his soul. "Peace! undisturbed tranquillity!—

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can I ever hope to enjoy them?—Was I not obliged to supplicate the blessing which descended unasked on my brother? It is true, I am the eldest-born: wretched advantage! I have the first right to misery and contempt. The Lord has by Abel sent relief to my father: I have no means of acquiring his kindness or affection. Will they not despise me whom the Lord has disregarded, whom the angels pass unheeded by? The celestial messengers appear not to me when I labour in the fields, and the sweat of fatigue bedews my sun-burnt brow; they pass me with contempt, and seek him out, whose hands are unhardened by toil, who lies idly reclining by his flock in the shade, or pours forth the effusions of his effeminate tenderness, because the evening dews glitter on the fragrant flowers, or the setting sun tinges the clouds with glowing crimson. Woe to me that I should be the first-born; the full weight of the malediction has fallen on my wretched head. For him all nature smiles; it is I alone who am accursed; it is I alone who am miserable!"—He said, and wrapped in dark and gloomy contemplations, wandered amid the thick shades.

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The sun had sunk behind the blue hills, but his departing tints still glowed on the vales and mountains around, when Adam said, "Evening is approaching; I will go forth to the fragrant porch before our hut, and ere the day is ended, return thanks to the Lord for the mercies he has vouchsafed me." He arose from his couch; youthful strength animated his limbs; Eve and his daughters accompanied him into the porch. The landscape still glowed with the soft tints of sun-set, when Adam, kneeling down, and contemplating the lovely scene, thus said: "Again, Oh! Almighty Father! again I am permitted to prostrate myself before thee, to praise thy unspeakable goodness, and offer up my fervent gratitude and adoration to thee: ye pains, ye torments, that raged in my veins, and consumed my vital strength, whither are ye fled? Amid my anguish, my unchanged soul relied upon the Lord: he heard the voice of my mourning, of my affliction, and deigned from his sacred throne to send down relief and comfort. At his word, pain and sorrow departed: health and vigor returned to my enfeebled frame: death shall not yet triumph over me; I shall yet in

in my flesh, praise the Lord. Yes, Oh! Almighty Being, I will praise thee from the rosy dawn of the morning, till the rising of the evening star: as long as my soul inhabits this mortal body, I will pour forth my thanksgivings in faint and imperfect strains, and when my freed spirit quits this frame of dust, it shall ascend with humble hope to thee, it shall behold thy glory, and at length be enabled in worthier accents to express thy praise. Ye angels of light! look down on the abode of sinners; behold this earth, which heard and trembled at the denunciations of his wrath, become now the scene of his unspeakable wonders and mercies. Look down, and in expressive silence, muse his praise!—Oh! welcome, once more, lovely sun! thy morning beams beheld me struggling with pain and anguish; faint and exhausted I hailed thy early ray, as gradually it enlightened my couch; thy setting radiance flows around me as I kneel before the Lord who hath preserved me; and lift my heart in humble adoration to him. Welcome, ye lofty mountains! ye shadowy hills and vales! Mine eyes shall again behold you gleaming in the morning's mild ray,

ray, or glowing with the radiant hues of evening. Welcome, ye sweet birds, your songs shall again delight mine ear, and awake me to offer up my thanksgivings to my God. Ye wandering streams! again shall my limbs recline on your flowery banks; again shall your soft murmur sooth me to peaceful slumbers. Ye groves! ye bowers! again shall I wander beneath your shades, and yield up my soul to sweet and soothing contemplations. Welcome, Oh nature! once more!—Praise and thanksgivings be unto my God, who has removed pain and sorrow from his weak creature; who has preserved him from sinking in the dust."

Thus did the father of mankind pour forth the effusions of his gratitude; while all nature, in sacred silence, hallowed his prayer, and every surrounding object appeared to welcome his return to life and health.

The sun poured his departing beams through the waving foliage of the porch, the flowers yielded their last and sweetest perfumes to the evening zephyr, and the birds warbled their

their farewell songs, and sought in pairs their mossy nests.

Cain and Abel now entered the porch: they beheld with delight their father restored to health. Adam, rising from his attitude of devotion, embraced his wife and children, and while his eyes overflowed with tears of pleasure, returned into the hut. Abel then addressing himself to Cain, said, "My brother! let us also return thanks to the Lord, who has heard our supplications, and mercifully restored our father to us. I will repair to my altar, and now, while the moon rises, I will sacrifice the youngest lamb of my flock to him. Wilt thou also, my beloved brother, offer up a sacrifice to the Lord?"

Cain, casting a gloomy and sidelong glance at him, returned: "Yes, I will offer up to the Lord such a sacrifice as my barren fields afford." Abel, unmindful of the unkindness marked in his countenance and manner, mildly replied, "The Lord heedeth little the lamb that burns before him, or the fruits of the field which the flame consumes:—The sacrifice

fice most pleasing to him, is a pure and unspotted heart; the incense most grateful to him, a sincere and ardent devotion."

Cain returned: "The flame from Heaven will doubtless consume thy offering; by thee the Lord sent relief to my father: He deigned not to regard me: yet I will go and sacrifice to him; for a gratitude warm as thine glows in my bosom; and my father is not more dear to thee than to me.—I am the victim of misery and solicitude; may the Lord do with me according to his pleasure."

Abel tenderly embracing Cain, returned: "Alas! my brother! is it possible that displeasure can have entered into thy heart, because the Lord hath made me the humble instrument of his mercy to my father? We all addressed our fervent prayers to him; the solicitations of all were granted. Oh! my beloved brother, struggle to suppress these gloomy dispositions; reflect that the Lord seeth into the deepest recesses of thy heart; that he hears thy slightest murmurs. Return the sincere, the unfeigned affection I bear

bear thee; go, offer up thy sacrifice, but let thy devotion be undisturbed by any impure passion; so shall the Lord graciously accept thy thanksgiving, and from his heavenly throne, look down and bless thee."

Cain answered not, but departed to his field: Abel gazed after him with an eye of pity, and repaired to his pasture: each advanced to his altar. Abel slew one of the fairest of his young lambs, and having laid it on the altar, and strewed it with fragrant herbs and flowers, he kindled the sacrifice. He knelt before the altar, and with a pure heart, offered up his fervent praises and thanksgivings. The flame of the sacrifice ascended bright and clear through the gloom of night. The Lord had forbidden the winds to blow, for the offering was acceptable to him.

Cain placed the fruits of the fields upon his altar. He set fire to the pile, and knelt amid the gloom of night. Sudden a furious blast howled through the forest; a whirlwind dispersed the sacrifice, and enveloped the

the terrified Cain in flames and smoke. He started back in horror; when an awful voice, issuing from the darkness, pronounced these words! "Wherefore tremblest thou, Oh Cain? and why are horror and dismay impressed on thy countenance? Repent, and thy sin shall be forgiven thee: but if thou continuest in thy wickedness, shame and sorrow shall overtake thee. Wherefore hatest thou thy brother, who honors thee, who loves thee with unfeigned affection?"

The awful voice was silent; Cain, trembling, retreated from the altar, and hastened through the gloom of night, pursued by the stifling smoke of the sacrifice, which a raging blast dispersed around him. He shuddered, and cold damps bedewed his limbs. He looked around, and discovered at a distance, the clear flame of his brother's sacrifice ascending high in spiry waves. Struck with despair, he averted his face; he pronounced through his shut teeth, "Yonder, yonder is the sacrifice of the favorite! I will look no more:—already all hell is rouzed within my bosom:—I will look no more, lest my trembling lips should

should curse him!—Oh death! approach! shroud me in eternal darkness! let me awake no more to a consciousness of wretchedness! Oh father! father!—thy fatal crime!—shall I present myself to his sight? shall I shew him this countenance of pale despair, shall I expose to him the misery that rages within my bosom, the wretchedness his fatal weakness has entailed on his unhappy descendants?—No! wretch that thou art! torture not thy father; he could not support a sight of such horror; his bitter anguish would encrease thy misery.—Yes, the anger, the curse, the contempt of the Lord rest upon me; I am the most desolate of all created beings. The beasts of the field, the worms that crawl on the earth, are enviable in comparison to me. Oh God of mercy! wherefore of me alone art thou regardless? Pursue me no longer with thy displeasure, or destroy me. Wretch that I am! has he not said that if I repent he will forgive me? Has he not bidden me chuse between pardon and misery?—Eternal, indescribable misery!—Yes, I have sinned; my iniquities rise in heavy judgment against me; they demand thy vengeance, Oh God of terror!

terror!—How just is thy displeasure, Oh Avenger!—I will return from my transgression; Oh! let my crimes be blotted from thy sight; let this bitter anguish expiate my offences; have mercy on me, Oh God! have mercy on me! alleviate my wretchedness, or annihilate me."

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE chilling dews of night were still descending; the birds still slumbered in silence; darkness rested on the valley, and pale twilight gilded only the mountain's lofty brow, when Cain, with pensive and unsteady steps, forsook his hut. Unconscious that her husband overheard her, Mahala had wept over him in the lonely midnight hour; with uplifted hands she had prayed for his returning peace. He rushed from the hut; his voice sounded through the silence of the gloomy twilight, like the burst of distant thunder.

" Hateful, detestable night! what gloomy images surround me! Sleep afforded some respite to my misery; even imagination had ceased to torment me, I slumbered in peace, when her sobs, her lamentations awoke me. Ha! must I ever awake to misery? is there not an hour of tranquillity in store for me? wherefore did she weep over me? she knows not yet that my sacrifice was rejected. Oh! these tears, these lamentations, the thought of them is insupportable to me: the smiles of approbation and kindness accompany every action of my brother's, while I am continually pursued by melancholy and reproach. Mahala! I love thee! love thee much better than I love myself: wherefore should'st thou embitter the few hours of tranquillity that remain for me?"

He paused under the shade of a pine which hung over the rock: " Here, Oh soft sleep! refuse me not thine aid: faint and exhausted I invoked thee in my hut: and scarce had'st thou spread thy shadowy pinions over me, when the voice of grief and lamentation chased thee from my couch. Here, here I may rest undisturbed; if inanimate nature has not conspired against my repose: Oh! earth, receive

ceive me to thy peaceful bosom: suffer me by rest to acquire strength to toil, to pay the hard price of labour for which alone thou now will yield thy fruits: Here let me rest in sweet forgetfulness: the last, the only blessing a wretch like me can know." He said, and reclined upon the fragrant turf: the power he had invoked soon spread his dark pinions over him.

Anamelech had pursued his lonely steps, and stood now beside him. "Deep sleep has sealed his eyes," exclaimed the fiend; "I will couch beside him, and present to his imagination, dreams which shall forward my designs. I will display every image that can awake distraction in his gloomy soul: consuming envy, tormenting jealousy, and stormy rage, shall all combine to torture him to madness." He said, and reclined beside the wretched slumberer. At that instant, a whirlwind shook the forest; it howled through the thicket, and rudely agitated the matted locks which hung over the brow of Cain. But in vain the tempest raged, in vain it howled around the slumberer's head: for a heavy sleep had sealed his weary eyes.

He beheld in a dream, a vast plain thinly scattered with humble cottages; his sons and their children were employed in cultivating the fields, heedless of the scorching rays of the sun, which descended on their languid heads. Some, with laborious toil, were preparing the earth to receive fresh seeds; and others, with bleeding hands, were employed in clearing away the thorns and matted weeds with which it was overgrown; while their wives and children in the lowly huts, were occupied in all the menial cares which poverty and wretchedness impose.

Eliel, the eldest of his sons, now appeared before the slumberer: with fainting steps he bore a heavy burden to his cottage. "How wretched is my existence!" he exclaimed, "how full of toil and misery!—Too well has the prediction been fulfilled; full heavy falls the curse upon the offspring of Cain. Labour and misery are our portion; while in yonder smiling plains, from which they have forever driven us, the children of Abel, in careless luxury, and tranquil indolence, enjoy every blessing that nature can bestow. Heaven smiles upon these happy favorites alone; our portion

portion is toil and misery."—He said, and with fainting steps pursued his way.

The slumberer now beheld an extensive plain, variegated with flowers, through which a thousand murmuring rills pursued their way under the shade of fragrant trees, reflecting the numerous blossoms and fruits in their passing waves, or sometimes collecting into placid and transparent lakes. Soft zephyrs sported through the citron-trees, and a grove of towering fig-trees afforded a refreshing shade to the luxuriant grass and tender flowers, through which snow-white flocks were wandering, cropping their fragrant food, while their happy shepherd, idly reclining by his beloved fair one in some sheltering bower, was employed in weaving garlands to deck her brow, or in pouring forth to her, in softest notes, the effusions of his tenderness and love.—At a distance, and beneath a high-arched bower, a lovely group of beauteous youths and maids joined in the sportive mazes of the dance, or emptied the flowing bowl, (whose delicious draught gave new life and animation to their pleasures) while the soft sounds of sweetest music echoed around. Suddenly, a youth,

youth, placing himself in the midst of them, thus addressed them. "My friends," he said, "listen to my counsel, and secure the happiness that you now enjoy. Nature, it is true, smiles upon us; all her beauties are collected around our abode; but they require toil and culture to preserve them; labour, which would be irksome to us, whose lives are dedicated to refined and elegant delights.—Our hands, accustomed only to touch the soft strings of the harp, must not be rendered callous by the culture of the fields; our heads, whose perfumed tresses are entwined with dewy roses, must not be exposed to the sun's scorching ray. Listen to me: I will confide to you a design, which you will think some guardian angel has inspired me with. Let us repair in the silence of night, to those plains where dwell the sons of labour, the toil-devoted offspring of Cain; we will steal upon them in the dark midnight hour, we will bind them, and lead them captives to our dwellings; the men shall cultivate our fields; their wives and daughters, my fair country-women, shall be the slaves of your pleasure.—But in darkness and in silence we will go out against them; for though we are more numerous than

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than they, yet toil has strengthened their vigorous limbs, and we will not leave that to the decision of chance, which artifice may so certainly obtain." The giddy crowd welcomed the counsel with shouts of applause.

Cain imagined he beheld the project executed; he heard the sounds of grief and lamentation, mingled with the bursts of triumph and rejoicing. He beheld the humble huts of his children blazing amid the darkness of night; the fiery reflection glowed on the surrounding mountains, and glittered on the little waves of the river, as they broke against the shore; and by the red light of the flames, he perceived his children subdued and bound, and driven like an helpless flock of sheep, before the triumphant offspring of Abel.

He saw, and started convulsively in his sleep; when Abel, who had discovered him sleeping under the shadow of the rock, approached him, and bending over him, whispered in softest accents, "Soon mayest thou awake, my beloved brother! that I may pour forth the dictates of my affection for thee; that I may embrace thee.—But let me suppress

press my impatient wishes; perhaps his wearied limbs require yet longer, the sweet refreshment of sleep. Ye sportive zephyrs! be still!—ye warbling birds! be silent, nor chase the dews of slumber from his eyes!—But soft! how pale! how agitated he appears! what gloomy passions contract his brow! wherefore do ye disturb him, ye visions of horror? Retire, and leave his soul to peace. Approach, ye pleasing dreams, ye lovely images of domestic happiness and serene delight; approach and fill his soul with gratitude and joy."—He said, and gazed with eyes of anxious tenderness on his brother.

At that instant Cain awoke: foaming with rage, he started from the earth; his eye sparkled with fury; the storm of hatred and revenge lowered on his gloomy brow. "Open, Oh earth! and hide me!" he exclaimed, "bury me within thy deepest abysses—I am wretched! lost—and Oh! maddening thought! my children shall inherit my misery. In vain I supplicate, in vain I call upon thee to put a speedy period to my sufferings; the Almighty Avenger has forbidden thee to destroy me; he has condemned me to misery, and

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to complete my anguish, he has withdrawn the veil, and disclosed all the horrors of futurity.

"Accursed, forever accursed be the hour of my birth. Cursed be the place in which the pains of child-birth came upon my mother: may never herbage grow there, or tree, or shrub cast a protecting shadow over it!—may all who sow or plant it, with bitter disappointment mourn their lost toil, and curse the ungrateful spot; may all who pass over it feel sudden terror chill their labouring hearts, and lame their trembling limbs!"

Thus raved the maniac; while Abel, pale as in death, with faultering steps approached him. "My brother!" he exclaimed—"But no!—some rejected, some rebellious spirit, hurled by the Almighty's thunder from Heaven, has assumed his form and utters blasphemies—where art thou, Oh Cain! I fly to seek thee, to bless thee!"

"Behold me here!" exclaimed Cain, in a voice of thunder, "thou smiling effeminate favorite of the Avenger, of all nature: thou

thou whose viperous brood are to possess and to monopolize all the blessings of this world. Yet it is fit there should be a tribe of menial slaves born to attend on, and to labour as beasts of burthen for the voluptuous favorites, whose pleasure-devoted hours are not to be interrupted by the thought of toil.—Ha!—Hell, and all its torments rage within my bosom."—

"Cain! my brother!" said Abel, while anxiety and tenderness sat on his countenance, "what hateful dream has deceived thee? I came with the early dawn to seek thee, to embrace thee, to give thee the blessing of approaching day. But alas! what stormy passions rage within thy breast! how unkindly thou receivest the testimonies of my affection! When, Oh when will the blessed day arrive, when undisturbed peace and affection shall reign among us; when the delighted soul may yield itself up to the tranquil enjoyment of sweet and well regulatd pleasures: that day which our anxious father, our beloved mother, look forward to with so much solicitude. Oh Cain! Cain! how hast thou destroyed the sweet hope of peace and affection

tion which we all cherished in that blessed moment of reconciliation, when I shed tears of pleasure and of tenderness on thy bosom.—Have I offended thee, my brother?—Heaven knows it has been unconsciously: dispel the dark glooms which overcloud thy brow. Thus let me expiate my involuntary fault."—

He said, and approaching, stooped to embrace his brother's knees.—Cain sprang back —"Ha! serpent! wouldst thou entwine me in thy treacherous folds?" he exclaimed. Rage nerved his arm; he swung a ponderous club, which sweeping through the air, descended on the head of Abel. The hapless victim sunk at his feet; he fixed his dying eyes on his murderer, with an expression of pity and forgiveness, and expired. The rushing blood distained the bright tresses of his golden hair, and flowed at the murderer's feet.

Cain stood the image of horror: the cold dews of despair stood on his pallid brow, and bathed his trembling limbs. He beheld the last convulsive motion of his expiring brother; he

he gazed on his blood, the smoke of which ascended around him. " Horrible deed !" at length he exclaimed " Brother ! awake !—awake !—how pale is his countenance, how fixed his eyes !—How the blood gushes from his mangled head !—Execrable wretch that I am ! I feel already all the torments of hell."

He said, and with furious gesture hurled the blood-stained club from his grasp: he struck his brow with his clenched hand :—shuddering, he turned again toward the spot, where the hapless Abel weltered in his blood: he attempted to raise him from the earth: " Abel ! brother ! awake ! the torments of hell have seized me !—How his head droops ! —how it bleeds !—how helpless !—Dead ?—Oh horror ! he is dead: I will fly ! support me ! trembling limbs !" He said and rushed into the thicket.

Triumphant and elate the fiend beheld the completion of his work: his gigantic form dilated with horrid joy, as he contemplated the murdered Abel; a peal of hellish laughter burst from him as his eyes pursued the flying Cain: He turned again to gaze on the corse,

corse, and exclaimed, "Oh welcome, pleasing sight! I behold for the first time the earth stained with human blood: the flow of the sacred springs of Heaven before the fatal day, when the imperious thunderer hurled us headlong from that abode of bliss, never afforded my soul such pleasure: the soft strains breathed by the golden harps of the archangels, never sounded so sweet, so soothing to my ear, as did the dying sighs of this expiring youth! And thou, the noblest of thy Maker's works, thou last, best effort of his forming hand, how art thou fallen!—Arise, fair youth! arise, thou friend of angels. Wherefore art thou so slow to perform thy slavish offices of devotion and prostration?—But he will never rise again: his own brother has humbled him in the dust; or rather, the glorious deed was mine. I go to boast of it before the throne of hell, whose vaulted roofs shall echo with my fame: Satan himself shall envy me this deed."—He turned once more to gaze in scornful triumph on the slain; at that instant the Almighty commanded the torments of hell to seize him: its accutest pangs visited his very heart: the proud smile of triumphant wickedness faded from his horrid countenance,

and

and was succeeded by the expression of despair and anguish unutterable. He cursed the hour of his creation: he cursed the dreadful eternity which afforded no hope of a period to his punishment, and uttering horrid shrieks and blasphemies, he fled.

The last sighs of the expiring Abel had ascended the throne of the Almighty, and demanded justice of the great Avenger. A peal of thunder echoed from his sanctuary: the golden harps were silent, and the archangels ceased their harmonious songs of praise. Three times the thunder echoed through the vaulted arch of Heaven: it ceased, and the voice of the Almighty, issuing through the silvery cloud which encompassed his throne, summoned an angel, who advanced, veiling his face with his resplendent wings. "Death," said the Almighty, hath seized his first victim among mortals, henceforward be it thy care to assemble the souls of the righteous. I cheered the spirit of Abel as his mortal frame sunk into the dust. From henceforth do thou attend the dying moments of the just; and when the damps of death chill the pale brow, when the

the faultering voice, and the convulsive pang mark the awful transition near, do thou speak comfort to the parting soul, and animate the trembling spirit with hope and joy. Descend now to the dwelling of mortals; receive the soul of Abel. Thou Michael! accompany his flight, and declare to the fratricide the sentence pronounced against him." The Almighty was silent: and again the thunder ecchoed thrice through the wide arch of Heaven. The archangels on sweeping pinions pursued their way through the celestial ranks: the portals of Heaven, self-moving, opened to them; they descended through the boundless space, and alighted on the earth.

The angel of death now summoned the soul of Abel from its ensanguined dwelling: with a smile of joy, it obeyed the Heavenly messenger: the more pure and essential parts of the body flew off, and mingling with the balsamic perfumes, wafted by gentle gales from the opening flowers (which sprung up wherever the circle of radiance that encompassed the angel, extended) environed the soul, and clothed it with an etherial form. With rapture

rapture unknown before, the liberated spirit gazed on the Heavenly messenger.

The angel, approaching with celestial benignity, exclaimed, "Oh welcome! from thy frail covering of dust. Embrace me: I am appointed to conduct thee to the regions of bliss. Myriads of happy spirits wait thy coming. Welcome, thou just one. Eternal joy, eternal rapture, in the presence of thy God, these are the blessed meeds prepared for thee, these are the blessed rewards of the righteous. Oh welcome, happy being! the first who hath laid aside the frail covering of dust."

"I embrace thee, celestial friend!" exclaimed the spirit; and paused, overcome by the sense of its excessive bliss. "What ecstacy! what joy unutterable: my soul, while yet imprisoned within its mortal frame, was wont to meditate during the stillness of midnight, on the charms of virtue, and the goodness of my God, till my heart, awed by the sense of his presence, and softened by the contemplation of his mercies, yielded to a delicious

a delicious sensation, only to be expressed in tears of pleasure and gratitude.—What was this but the faint dawn of the felicity which I now experience? What new thoughts break upon my mind, lovely as the light of spring, bright and resplendent as the noon-day sun. How are my ideas of the Divinity exalted, enlarged. How much purer, how much warmer is my love of virtue! Celestial friend! I embrace thee! Eternal bliss is mine. I shall behold Him; my lips shall eternally pour forth His praise, who has rewarded with indescribable bliss, the faint efforts of his humble creature to obey him and to honor him."

"Follow me, my friend," said the angel, "spread thy light pinions, and accompany my flight; nor grieve for aught thou leavest here below. Within the course of a few years, the mortals whom thou most loved'st, whose virtues most endeared them to thee, will leave this earthly abode, and follow thee to the regions of bliss, where myriads of happy spirits now await thee, to join in their songs of eternal thanksgiving and praise."

"I follow thee, celestial being! Oh what bliss is prepared for me. Farewell, beloved friends! not long may ye linger in the dust; when the awful hour of death arrives, and thou, celestial spirit, descendest to receive their parting breath, may I be permitted to accompany thy flight, to sooth their pangs, and view with rapturous emotion, their freed spirits awake to such ecstacies as I now enjoy.—Oh Thirza! my gentle, my beloved Thirza! even in the full enjoyment of bliss, my spirit turns with lingering regret and tenderness to thee. Not long, my beloved, shalt thou weep over my senseless dust; soon as thou hast reared to maturity and virtue, the darling infant whom I left in thine arms, I shall behold thee sink in the slumber of death; with delight unutterable I shall see thee awake to my embraces, and join me in the regions of bliss, to part no more."

Thus Abel spoke, as accompanied by the angel, on rapid pinions, he arose above the earth. He turned to take a last view, and breathe a departing blessing on the spot which contained the objects of his affection, when his eye glanced on his brother. Despair and horror

horror were impressed on the countenance of the murderer: his raised arms were clasped with convulsive strength above his head; his haggard eyes rolled wildly around; he cast himself on the earth with frantic gestures.

Tears of compassion fell from the eyes of Abel; he turned from the horrid scene: a choir of guardian angels, the tutelar spirits of the earth, now joined his conductor; reclining on rosy clouds, they saluted the blessed spirit with heavenly benignity; they accompanied his flight to the boundaries of the earth; there bidding him farewell, they chanted to the soft sounds of their Heavenly harps, a parting hymn, which died away on Abel's enraptured ear, as he ascended through the realms of æther.

"He ascends! the new inhabitant of "Heaven arises to the presence of his Cre- "ator; pure and bright as the spring, when "it approaches to revive the earth, and joy "and gladness attend it. Ye innumera- "ble stars that glitter in the wide arch of "Heaven, welcome the blessed spirit!—Hail "your sister-planet, the earth, which has

" produced a being worthy of the joys of
" Heaven.

" He ascends! the new inhabitant of
" Heaven, arises to the presence of his God!
" myriads of angels wait his arrival at the
" gates of Heaven; impatiently they wait
" to hail the first mortal who has ascended to
" the regions of bliss;—to crown him with
" never-fading roses.

" What will be his transport, when he
" enters those flowery plains? when beneath
" the twilight shade of aromatic bowers, he
" joins the angelic choir, who continually sing
" praises to Him, who is all the source of
" happiness and virtue.

" We celebrated the day, in which thy
" pure soul descended from its Creator to ani-
" mate thy mortal form: unseen we watched
" over thee, and beheld virtue and goodness
" flourish in thy opening mind, as the lily
" blossoms, nursed by the dews of spring.
" We beheld thy upright deeds, we marked
" thy innocent wishes, and witnessed the
" tears which flowed from the pure sources

" of

" of virtue and benevolence.—With livelier
" joy we hail the day which frees thee from
" the bondage of mortality; which restores
" thy pure spirit to the God who gave it.

" Receive, Oh parent earth, receive his
" mouldering reliques: may each returning
" spring deck with fragrant flowers, the turf
" that covers his peaceful dust. Each revolv-
" ing year shall witness our celebration of
" the day on which his righteous spirit as-
" cended to the presence of its God."

Thus they sung; then born on their lucid clouds descended to the earth.

In the mean time, the wretched Cain, urged by despair, wandered through the mazes of the forest. He sought in vain to escape from the horrors of his conscience. Like some wretched traveller, around whose bosom a poisonous serpent has coiled itself; in vain he flies, and wildly attempts to shake off his terrific assailant. Its venomous pangs pierce his heart; the fatal poison pervades his trembling frame.—" Oh that I could escape from the sight of my bleeding brother!" exclaimed

claimed Cain, "I fly, but his blood pursues me: the purple torrent bathes my very footsteps. Whither, Oh whither shall I fly?—His last look!—Oh! what have I done?—I feel already the tortures of hell—I have murdered him who would have destroyed my children.—What dying sighs echo through yonder thicket?—Away, trembling feet! haste from the fast-pursuing blood; haste from this scene of death.—Drag me, ye faultering knees, sprinkled with a brother's blood, drag me—to hell!"

He said, and would have fled; when a black cloud descended in his path. A deep and awful voice issuing from the darkness, exclaimed, "Cain! where is thy brother?" Cain started back, pale with horror, and in faultering accents replied—"I know not: wretch that I am, am I my brother's keeper?" Loud thunders now burst from the cloud: terrific lightnings flashed around, and wrapt the forest and the herbage in a blaze. The archangel appeared to the terrified eyes of Cain. The judgment of the Lord was impressed on his awful brow: his right arm wielded a thunderbolt; his left was extended over the trembling sinner.

sinner. He spoke, and again thunder shook the earth.

"Hear, and tremble! (exclaimed he) Thus saith the Lord—'What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth against thee: and now art thou cursed on the earth which has drank the blood of thy brother, shed by thy hand. To thee it shall be for ever barren: forever shalt thou wander, a fugitive on its surface."—Convulsive tremors shook the terrified sinner: his haggard eyes were fixed on the earth: he stood speechless and pale as in the hour of death: his trembling lips in vain attempted to speak: at length in inarticulate accents he exclaimed, "My crime is too great—too great to hope for pardon. Thou hast cursed me on this earth, where, Oh! where can I hide me from thy presence? I shall be a fugitive on the face of the earth; may the first who meets me, slay me!"

"A sevenfold vengence shall fall on him who sheds thy blood," exclaimed the voice of thunder. "Despair and anguish shall impress their indelible traces on thy brow: that every one who meets thee shall say, 'There goes

goes Cain the murderer,' and struck with horror, shall quit the path made by thy wandering feet." The angel said, and vanished. Loud bursts of thunder issued from the ascending cloud, and a whirlwind howling through the air, tore up the trees and shrubs.

Cain stood motionless: despair glared in his eyes: the wild winds sported with the locks of his starting hair: he cast a fearful glance around; "Had he but destroyed me!" (exclaimed he with quivering lips) "Had he annihilated me, left no trace of me in the creation! why did he not blast me with his lightnings? Why did he not crush me with his thunder-bolt? But he preserves me for eternal torments. I am the outcast of the creation: the abhorrence of nature, of myself: The fiends attendant on guilt already haunt me; I feel already anguish, remorse, despair!—Cursed be thou, Oh arm! which wielded the implement of murder; may'st thou wither on my body, like the sapless bough of a tree: Cursed be the hour in which a dream from hell deceived me! why, Oh nature! dost thou not give signs of thy abhorrence of me? The very earth on which I tread

I tread is cursed. Where art thou, horrible fiend! who inspired the dream that inflamed my soul to madness: art thou returned to hell? Oh mayst thou there experience such pangs as agonize my soul—I cannot curse thee more.—See! see! the fiends of hell assemble round me! they gaze on me, they mock my agonies! smile on, ye spirits of perdition! or if ye know what 'tis to feel compassion, pity me: for Satan never knew such pangs as mine!"

Thus he raved, till at length, exhausted and speechless, he sunk down at the foot of a tree which had been rooted up by the storm. He lay for some moments motionless; then starting up with frantic gestures, he exclaimed; "Who rushed past me? Oh Heavens! it was my murdered brother! I hear his dying groans! I see his streaming blood! Oh brother! brother! have pity on my inexpressible anguish! pursue me not!" He sunk again, pale and senseless.

In the mean time the father of mankind, accompanied by his wife, came forth from their hut. "How lovely smiles the morning-sun! exclaimed Eve: gilding with mildest ray

ray the shadowy mists that hover in the vale. Let us wander through these beautiful scenes, while the dew still trembles on the grass; till the stealing hours call thee to thy labours in the field, and me to my domestic occupations. Oh! my beloved! this earth is still beautiful: See! Adam! how all nature rejoices: every thicket resounds with the warbling of birds: the domestic animals bound around our hut: all with gay songs, or frolic gestures welcome the first beams of morn."

"Yes, my beloved!" returned Adam, "the earth is still beautiful! it bears still the traces of the presence of its God: of that infinitive goodness, of that surpassing mercy, which ingratitude and sin have not yet been able to exhaust. Let us repair to the flowery pastures where Abel's flock wanders amid the dews. Perhaps we may find our pious child pouring forth his gratitude to his Creator in some new song of praise."

"Permit me first, my beloved Adam! to execute the intention with which I quitted my hut. I have chosen the fairest figs from my stores,

stores, and have placed them with dried grapes in this basket; I intend them as an offering to Cain, my first born, that he may refresh himself with them when he rests from his labour beneath the shade; for every attention is of value, dearest Adam, which can erase from his mind the gloomy ideas that impress it; which can induce him to believe our tenderness for him is not inferior to that which we feel for his brother."

"How attentive is thy affection, my beloved Eve," answered Adam; "we will go first to Cain; we will not let him imagine that Abel is more beloved by us than himself: the beauty, the serenity of this delightful morning, may have awakened his soul to the impressions of tenderness and pleasure."— They said, and hastened (Eve with the basket on her arm) to the spot where they expected to find Cain.

They had just come out from behind a thicket, and were pursuing their way, when Eve, who had advanced a little before, started, and anxiously exclaimed, "Adam! who

is

is it that lies there? He reclines not like one asleep;—his face is toward the ground—Oh Heavens! those golden locks are Abel's! Adam! why do I shiver?—Abel! my beloved! awake!—raise thy fair face, ever expressive of tenderness and sweetness!—awake, awake, from that unnatural sleep." They now approached nearer. "Oh horror!" exclaimed Adam, starting back, "blood trickles from his forehead, from his mangled head!"—"Abel! my beloved!" cried Eve, raising his stiffened arm:—she sunk pale as death on Adam's trembling bosom. They stood motionless and almost senseless, when Cain, who, mad with despair, was wandering through the thicket, unconscious that he was approaching the murdered victim of his fury, advanced toward them; he beheld the body, he saw his almost senseless father supporting his fainting mother in his arms. "I murdered him!" exclaimed he, "'Twas I that slew him. Cursed be the hour, Oh! father, in which thou gav'st me being. Cursed be the hour, Oh! woman! in which thou broughtest me forth. I murdered him!"—He said, and fled.

Pale,

Pale, silent, and motionless, the unhappy pair remained long almost insensible: Adam first awoke from the lethargy of grief. "Where am I?" he cried in broken accents: "How I tremble!—Oh God! Oh God!—yonder he lies!—wretched father! horror is heaped on horror: his brother has murdered him: his lips confessed the crime, and breathed curses against his parents! the agonies of death chill my soul. He who lies yonder in his blood was my son: he who has cursed us was my son also. Wretch that I am, what misery, what torments have I brought on myself, on my children!—Oh Abel! Abel! —And thou too, my beloved Eve! thou awakest not! Hast thou expired in my arms, art thou no longer alive to misery? Am I left alone in my wretchedness? Yet Heaven has compassion on me: praise be to thee, my Creator!—the chillness of death steals through my veins; the shades of darkness descend on my closing eyes.—Oh! Death delay not! welcome with all thy horrors!—still thou delayest! —Oh God!—Abel, my son, my darling child!" He said, and bowed with anguish, wept over the corse, while the dews of horror stood on his brow and mingled with his tears. "And

dost

dost thou at length awake, my beloved Eve!" he cried, "to what inexpressible grief and sorrow do thine eyes unclose!"

"Adam!" exclaimed Eve in a dying voice, as she slowly opened her languid eyes, "Is the murderer fled? shall I no more hear his terrific voice? will his curses no longer resound in my ears? Oh curse me, me alone, thou fratricide! I was the first sinner. Oh Abel! my beloved child!"—she sunk from Adam's trembling arms upon the corse. "My son! my son!" she cried, as she bathed the clay-cold body with her tears. "Oh Heavens! thy eyes are fixed, they turn no longer with purest love and tenderness on me! awake! awake, my child!—In vain I call upon him;—he is dead!—This, this is death: this is the dreadful punishment pronounced on sin. And I—Oh! inexpressible torture!—I was the first sinner. Adam! Adam! each tear thou sheddest is a bitter, a horrible reproach to me! 'Twas I who seduced thee. From me, Oh! wretched parent! demand thy child! from me, afflicted children! ask your brother!—Curse me, and me alone, thou murderer. I was the first who sinned. Oh Abel! Abel! thy streaming blood accuses

accuses thy wretched mother." She said, and sunk upon the corse.

Adam gazed on her with looks replete with tenderness and grief; "Eve!" he exclaimed, "I conjure thee by our sorrow, by our affection, cease to afflict my breaking heart; cease to pour forth these bitter reproaches against thyself whom I so tenderly love; they torture me—they torture me inexpressibly. We have both sinned; but God will behold our anguish with a pitying eye. Yes, Almighty Father! thou wilt permit us from this abode of wretchedness, to raise our hearts to thee! thou hast not utterly destroyed the sinner. The soul survives, Eve! though its frail habitation sinks in the dust; it survives, to experience joys unutterable, if in this life it has pursued the ways of righteousness and peace. Oh! what reviving comfort returns with that Heavenly thought, what soothing consolation. But alas! he died by his brother's hand!—Oh God!—his own brother murdered him."

"Yes, my beloved son," exclaimed Eve, while her tears fell in continual showers, "a horrible death has delivered thee from all pain and

and solicitude: thou art no longer exposed to any of the evils which afflict us, who linger behind thee in this vale of tears. Oh! why should we with weak and impious tears lament thy departure, thy tranquillity?—How pale, how motionless he lies! the smile of filial tenderness is faded from that cheek, now shrunk, and altered, and disfigured with its own blood: those lips will no more in angelic accents, pour forth his thanksgivings to his God, or speak to me in the soft tones of affection and consolation: those fixed eyes will no more overflow with tears of pleasure, to behold the rapture, the tender love with which I witnessed his incomparable sweetness and virtue. —In what misery are we sunk! Oh sin! what horrid forms dost thou assume. Thy wretched mother, my beloved, my lamented Abel! is also the mother of thy murderer."—She said, and sunk fainting on the stiffened corse.

She remained long insensible. At length Adam broke the melancholy silence. "Wretch that I am!" exclaimed he, "how am I forsaken! How silent, how desolate is all around me: misery, indescribable misery has spread a veil of darkness over all nature. My

My child! my child! from whom I hoped comfort and consolation in my age, whose pious hand I expected would have closed my dying eyes!—Oh Abel! thou art dead—and Cain!—horrible thought!—Cain is thy murderer. Oh Almighty Father! who beholdest our misery, forgive our tears, our lamentations; forgive us if we writhe with anguish in the dust, like the wretched worm that has been trampled upon by the careless foot of the passenger."

He stood pale and mute, the image of affliction: a melancholy silence reigned around. At length, with feeble steps he approached Eve, and taking her cold hand from the lifeless body, he pressed it to his heart. "Eve! my beloved wife!" he cried, bending over her, "awake, my beloved! awake! raise thy tearful eyes from this afflicting object; sink not under this heavy calamity. Has thy grief destroyed all tenderness, all recollection of me? Oh! raise thine eyes to me, my beloved wife! It is just that we should experience all the horrors of death, that we should feel most acutely all the fatal consequences of our sin; but thus to be overpower-

ed with affliction is impious, is criminal, and reproachful to the justice and mercy of the Eternal. Oh Eve! awake from this lethargy of culpable despair, lest the Almighty, incensed, should withdraw from us the only sources of consolation that yet remain for us."

Eve slowly rising from the corse, and turning her tearful eyes first on Adam, and then to Heaven, said, "Oh God! forgive me, miserable as I am.—Adam! my beloved husband, my grief is inexpressible. And can'st thou still love me!—me, the wretched cause of all this misery?—Oh Adam! let me weep once more in thine arms! let us mingle our tears over this beloved corse."

Thus mourned our general parents, and bowed with sorrow, hung over the body of their son, when a celestial messenger advanced toward them: fragrant flowers springing up as he trod, marked the light traces of his steps; peace and serenity sat on his beamy brow; sympathy and consolation were blended with the lustre of his eyes, and celestial loveliness and beauty shone in his whole countenance.

tenance. A white transparent robe, (brighter than the silvery clouds in which the moon veils her beauty) flowed over his slender form, and descended in light and brilliant folds behind him. He advanced towards the mourners, while all nature seemed gladdened by his presence, and the turf around him glowed with fresher, brighter verdure.—"Eve!" exclaimed Adam, "lift thy tearful eyes; restrain thy sighs: see yon celestial form approaching: behold with what gentle, sympathising gestures he advances to us. Comfort and hope beam already on the darkness of our misery. Weep not, my beloved Eve! arise; let us hasten to meet the Heavenly messenger."—Eve, supported by her husband, slowly arose from the corse;—and the Angel stood before them.

He stood a moment, gazing with fixed attention on the dead; then turned with celestial benignity to Adam and his trembling wife: the soft reflection of his brightness was shed over their forms. In mild and harmonious accents he said, "Hail to ye who weep over the mouldering reliques of your son! The Almighty has permitted me to visit you

in your affliction. Among all the guardian spirits who hover over the earth, and exert their mild influence to preserve its inhabitants from evil, none so much loved your lamented Abel as myself. I had still watched over and protected him, if the commands of the Almighty had not obliged me to quit him. Often, when his soaring imagination, exalted by the contemplation of virtue, poured forth its rapturous effusions in tears of pleasure, or in songs of praise, (while hovering angels listened, and repeated the strains) I inspired him with every sublime and angelic thought, which the soul in its mortal state, is capable of conceiving. Weep not then, comfortless, as if he were dead in spirit: immoderate grief becomes not immortal souls. Death has merely freed him from his prison of dust: his virtue is now purified; his reason and his wisdom perfected: he is blessed; more blessed than human imagination can conceive; he rejoices in the society of angels; in the presence of his God. Weep, my beloved! but let the beams of consolation descend upon your tears. Not long will ye be separated from him: soon shall the angel of death summon ye to rejoin him, to part no more.

more.—Adam! the Almighty commands thee to restore this mouldering body to the dust from whence it sprang: commit it to the bosom of the earth."—

The angel said; and surveying them with a glance of Heavenly benignity and mildness, spread his dazzling pinions, and took his flight. Consolation and peace beamed on their distracted minds. Adam, wrapt in holy ecstacy, gazed on the departing angel, "Accept our grateful thanks, Oh! spirit of Heaven! Almighty Father! thou hast beheld our misery: thou hast sent down thine angel to comfort us. Shall we who glory in thy presence, who are the objects of thy tenderest mercies, shall we, (conscious that thy hovering angels watch continually over us, and hear our very sigh) mourn like rejected beings in the dust, and lament unceasingly the beloved object who now with thee enjoys felicity, superior to all our grovelling minds can conceive? Some tears indeed must fall over the beloved youth so early severed from our arms: but tears and prayers ought rather to be offered up to thee, Oh! God! for the wretched sinner who was the instrument

instrument of his death. Oh! banish him not from thy sight, Almighty father! he was the first fruit of my loins, the first whom Eve with pain and sorrow brought forth. Let us not cease, my beloved Eve! our supplications to our Almighty Father to have pity on him. How can we doubt his never-failing mercy, who in ourselves have witnessed such great, such transcendant proofs of it? But let us not delay to execute the commands of the Lord: I will bear this beloved corse to our hut; and there restore the precious reliques to the earth."

"Beloved Adam!" exclaimed Eve, "My soul rises above its afflictions: thy courage, thy firm virtue, shall assist my weakness, as the strong oak supports the frail trembling ivy."

Adam now raised the corse in his arms: and sighing under the melancholy burden, with faultering steps moved towards his dwelling; while Eve, bathed in tears, walked by his side.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THIRZA, now starting from unquiet slumbers, hastily forsook her lowly couch. "What horrid images have passed in dreams before me! Oh welcome! lovely light, thy cheering beams have chased them from my brow. Welcome! ye flowers, sweet objects of my care; your soft perfumes will refresh my harrassed senses. And you, ye joyful inhabitants of air, how gayly ye carol to welcome the dawn! My song shall mix with yours; my gratitude and thanksgivings shall ascend with yours to Heaven." She had now left the hut, and wandered among the new-blown flowers; the morning-zephyrs dispersed their fresh fragrance around

around her. " Yet still," she exclaimed, " anxiety and solicitude oppress me : my heart still throbs ; what means this unusual fear, which comes upon me dark and gloomy as the clouds which precede a hurricane ? Where art thou, my tender, my beloved Abel ? Pursued by care and anxiety I hasten to thy arms."

She said, and was hastening away, when she was met by Mahala. " Welcome ! my beloved sister, whither art thou wandering so early ? thy tresses flow loose on the gale ; no fresh-blown flowers deck thy brow."

Thirza answered, " I am hastening into the arms of my beloved Abel ; unusual terrors have disturbed my slumbers, and fear and solicitude still sit heavy on my heart ; even the charms of this lovely morning have not dispersed them ; 'tis only in his arms I shall find peace : they will fly from me in the presence of my beloved, though all the smiles of nature, and all the bloom of spring have failed to chase them away."

The wife of Cain sighed, and replied, " Whither

"Whither should I fly for relief, my beloved sister? where, Oh! where might I hope for consolation, did I not find it in the warm affection of my parents; in the tender sympathy which thou, and thy beloved Abel feel for me! On your gentle bosoms my afflicted heart reposes: Alas! my husband's discontent heaps care and sorrow on me. To him the beauties of nature are only sources of melancholy: the labour which the cultivation of his fields requires, is a continual cause of regret and discontent to him: But above all, his enmity to his virtuous, his gentle brother, afflicts my heart." Mahala wept: her tender sister embraced her, while tears of sympathy trembled in her eyes.

"Dearest sister!" answered Thirza, "The same cause has cost my beloved Abel and I many a bitter tear. Often during the anxious sleepless hours of night, we have together addressed our ardent prayers to the Almighty, that a beam of His grace may disperse the dark clouds from thy husband's breast: that the rank weeds of envy and hatred may be eradicated from his heart. Oh! may Heaven grant our supplications: then shall peace and tranquillity

tranquillity be restored to our dwellings; and sorrow and anxiety be chased from the brows of our beloved parents."

Mahala replied with tears. "Alas! such has been my prayer during many a midnight hour! and sometimes, when my sorrow has extorted deep sighs and sobs from my afflicted bosom, he has awakened, and in a voice of thunder, has chidden me for disturbing his slumbers, for depriving him of the only blessing which he says, yet remains to him on this accursed earth. Ah Thirza! this prayer rises from my afflicted heart, with silent tears to Heaven, when I sit at my domestic occupations in my hut, surrounded by my children: the poor innocents weep when they behold my tears flow: they gather around me, caress me, and inquire in lisping accents, 'what afflicts me?'—Alas! I wither in my grief, like a tender flower, from which some neighbouring tree intercepts the refreshing dews and chearing sun-shine. This morning before day-break he quitted the hut: never did he appear so terrible, never did I see such gloom darken his countenance; anger flashed in his eyes, and glared from beneath his lowering, contracted

tracted brows. As he passed over the threshold, (I heard, and trembled) he cursed the hour of his birth: such was the salutation with which he greeted the lovely morn. Yet my heart is not dead to hope: thou must have observed, my beloved Thirza, that his virtue sometimes breaks through the gloom that shrouds it: his heart is then open to every tender impression, he regrets that he has injured us, and with tears, sues to be reconciled: but soon the light retires: as in the tempestuous days of winter, when the sun pours a chearing ray on the gloomy landscape, the dark clouds soon gathering around it, close it from our sight. Oh! may our Heavenly Father grant, dear Thirza, (unceasingly will I offer up my supplications to him) that returning peace and tranquillity, may console and gladden my beloved husband's heart, as the soft spring-time restores joy and cheerfulness to all nature."

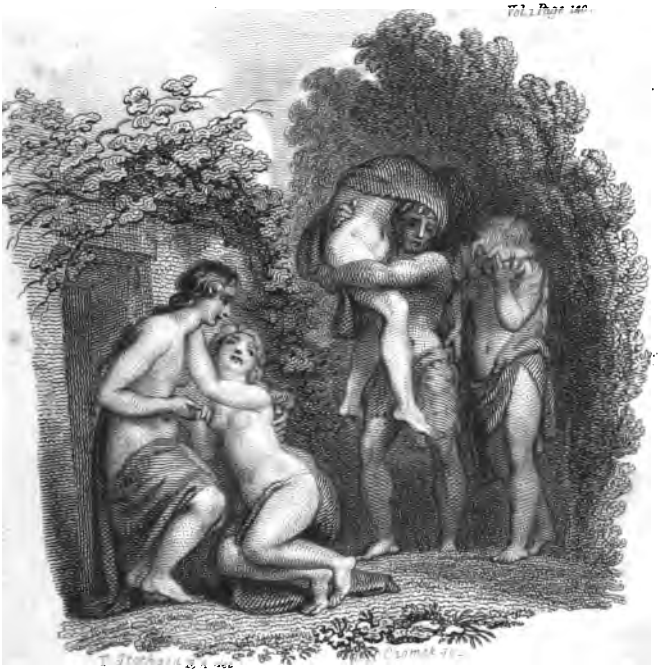
Thus spake Mahala: when Thirza, suddenly turning pale, and trembling, exclaimed, "What sounds of lamentation issue from yonder thicket? These are not the moans of pain, sister?—From among yonder trees—Mahala!

hala!—Alas, they approach, Oh! Heaven!" Thirza sunk into her sister's arms.

Adam, now with faultering steps advanced from among the trees, bending under the melancholy burden of his son's lifeless body. Eve, trembling walked beside him: she sometimes raised her face, expressive of the bitterest anguish, to gaze on the bleeding corse, and then again concealed it beneath the long tresses of her hair, now dripping with her tears.

Pale, as in the agonies of death, Thirza reclined in her sister's trembling arms: the feeble and terrified Mahala sunk at length beneath her fainting burthen. Adam had placed the corse upon the turf, and was occupied in supporting his weeping wife. "Where am I?" exclaimed Thirza, opening her eyes. "Oh Heaven!—he still lies there—Abel! Abel—why did I awake!—Hateful light!—Mahala! see! he lies there—he is dead!"

"Thirza! exclaimed Mahala," in trembling accents, "Terrify not thyself with the dreadful thought; it falls like a thunder-bolt upon



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upon me. Alas! she sinks again. Thirza! my beloved, arouse thyself—he is not dead—thy voice, thy embraces will awake him."

Thus spoke the sisters, and supporting each other, they advanced with trembling steps towards the corse. "What terrors overpower me!" exclaimed Thirza, as she approached:—"Abel!—Abel! my beloved!—my life!—my happiness!—my husband!—Oh Heavens! he awakes not!—Abel! wilt thou not listen to the cry of my despair? wilt thou not awake to comfort thy distracted wife?"—She now threw herself on the corse, intending to embrace it: but suddenly perceiving the wound, and the blood which disfigured the face, she shrieked in an agony of terror and horror, and fell upon the earth, pale and motionless: despair glared in her open and fixed eyes. Mahala wept beside her; she raised her hands and streaming eyes to Heaven, and then sunk upon the breathless corse.

Adam, whose deep grief was augmented by the anguish of his children, attempted to console them; "My beloved daughters! would to God I could afford you comfort in your

your affliction. Yet weep not thus unceasingly. As Eve and I mingled our tears over this beloved corse, an angel, radiant in celestial beauty appeared to us; 'Weep not,' he said, 'be comforted; he who you lament still exists; his soul is merely separated from that mortal form. Restore the senseless dust to the earth from whence it sprung. He enjoys, in the presence of his Creator, bliss, such as in your human state you cannot even conceive.' Cease then, my beloved children, Oh cease, with vain tears and comfortless affliction, to dishonor the blessed dead."

Thirza still sat speechless and immoveable, while Mahala wrung her hands, and thus poured forth the effusions of her grief. "Father! father! suffer our tears to flow. See! how low he lies, cold and motionless! he who was our consolation, our delight. Oh Abel! thou art lost to us. Our sole employment till the hour of our death, shall be to mourn, to weep for thee. Yes, my beloved brother, thou art now in possession of that bliss which thy pious soul contemplated with such ardour and devotion. Alas! that thy happiness should cost thy

thy mourning relatives such indescribable misery. Forlorn, forsaken in this vale of tears, our sweetest, our sole employment shall be to lament, to weep for thee, till the blessed hour arrives, when death shall reunite us to part no more. Cain! my husband! where wert thou, when thy mild brother closed his eyes in death?—Oh! that thou hadst but been near him at that moment, to receive the blessed assurance of his forgiveness and affection: his dying lips would have blessed thee; his languid arms would have clasped thee in a last embrace. What soothing consolation, what relief had such a reconciliation afforded thee in the anguish that awaits thee. —But Heavens! what new grief overpowers my mother?—she faints?—what horror overspreads thy countenance, my father? Oh Heavens! I conceive it all;—where is he? —Adam: Eve! Where is Cain? where is my husband?

Eve replied, "Oh my child! who knows where? pursued by the vengeance of the Almighty.—Oh Heavens! he has—wretched mother that I am—thy unhappy husband"— "Mother! mother!" exclaimed Mahala, "Oh spare

spare me not! spare me not I conjure thee: pronounce the sentence of horror: my foreboding soul already sinks under the stroke"—"Cain!—Oh Heavens! Cain has killed him! Thirza! Mahala!—Cain has murdered his brother."—She said, and sunk exhausted on the turf.

Mahala stood transfixed in silent horror; no tear escaped from her fixed eye: no sigh from her quivering lips; the cold dews of anguish stood upon her brow. "He has killed his brother!" at length she cried; "Cain, my husband, has murdered his brother. Horror, Oh! horror!—where art thou, fratricide! to what gloomy retreat has thy guilt pursued thee?—Has the thunder of the Lord already avenged thy brother's blood?—Art thou no more!—whither, Oh! whither have despair and anguish driven thee?"

"Fratricide!". exclaimed Thirza, "Oh! how couldst thou—so virtuous! so affectionate a brother—who even with his dying lips, must have blessed thee! Oh Cain! accursed, forever accursed,"—"Thirza! cried Mahala," "For mercy's sake!—curse him not; he is thy

thy brother;—he is my husband. No, rather let us address our prayers to Heaven; let us implore for him the forgiveness of his God!—The lamented victim of his fury, even when he sunk in death, viewed his murderer with an eye of compassion, and sighed forth a blessing on him. Even now he intercedes for him before the throne of God. Oh let our prayers ascend from the dust, and unite with his:—Thirza! my beloved Thirza! curse not thy brother."

"Whither has the madness of my anguish driven me?" answered Thirza, "I meant not to curse him!" She sunk upon the corse, and in speechless sorrow kissed the pale, cold lips, and the blood-stained face. "Oh! why," at length she cried, "was I not near thee, to receive thy last embrace, and to hear the precious assurance of thy affection from thy expiring lips? Oh! that thy closing eyes had bestowed their last glance on me! that I had died within thine arms! and my pale corse were now stretched beside thine, calm, and insensible to the anguish I now endure! Oh! why should I survive thee, to waste my days in ceaseless sorrow!—Each object which

once delighted me, will now only serve to encrease my anguish. The shady bowers, within whose sweet retreats I was wont to rest with my beloved, will only remind me of all the pleasures I have lost for ever; the wandering stream, to my distracted heart, will murmur Abel's name! Ye groves! I will seclude myself forever within your dark retreats: ye streams! reclined along your lonely banks, I will indulge perpetual sorrow! I have lost him, who alone rendered life pleasant —I will gaze forever on that pale face, on those fixed, sightless eyes; that forehead, stained with blood; those faded cheeks!—Oh! flow, my tears! flow unceasingly over this dear, this mangled form. What dignity once sat on this pale countenance! what soft persuasion dwelt on those livid lips! That lifeless dust was the habitation of the noblest, of the most virtuous spirit—Alas! too pure, too blessed for communion with mortals—for intercourse with me!—Oh flow, my tears! flow unceasingly over this faded form, till my longing soul, at length escaping from its prison of dust, resigns its frail reliques to mingle with his, and rejoins his pure spirit in happier regions, to part no more!"—Thus mourned the heart-

heart-broken Thirza, and wept unceasingly over the pale corse.

Eve, with bitter anguish, beheld the sorrows of her daughters. "My children!" she said, "your tears, your lamentations heap remorse and anguish on me:—on me, the fatal cause of all this misery: on me, who first brought sin and sorrow on the world. Forgive, my children! forgive your wretched mother! pardon her, who with pain and anguish bore you!" "Oh cease, my beloved mother, cease these cruel reflections," exclaimed her daughters, throwing themselves at her feet and embracing her knees. "Oh consider not these sighs, these tears as reproaches: if we could command our grief, not one should escape us to give thee pain. But nature asks the faint relief of tears; affection finds a melancholy pleasure even in the indulgence of this fruitless sorrow."—

While they still clasped their mother's knees, and their eyes were still fixed with tender solicitude on hers, Adam said, "My beloved! let us not longer delay to fulfil the commands of the Most High. Let us restore

this faded form to the dust from whence it sprung: let us bury our grief, our lamentations, with it in the bosom of the earth. The lenient hand of time will soften our grief: will instruct us to conquer this unavailing sorrow: we shall then anticipate the awful hour when death will summon us to rejoin him, with as much pleasure as the bridegroom contemplates the day that is to unite him to the beloved object of his affection."—"Yes!" exclaimed Thirza, turning her languid and tearful eyes on Adam, "restore this beloved body to the dust from whence it sprung: but suffer me, Oh! my father, to bathe it once more with my tears! let me but clasp him in a last embrace!"—She said, and sunk with open arms upon the corse.

While Adam was employed in preparing the grave, and Eve and Mahala stood weeping beside him, the two innocent children of Cain, coming forth from their cottage, advanced hand in hand toward the awful scene. "Josiah! my beloved!" said the fair-haired Eliel, "what lamentations are those we hear? Let us approach nearer. See! can it be Abel—Abel who lies there, with his face

so pale, his hair all bloody?—He looks, brother! like a lamb that has been slain for a sacrifice."—

"Beloved Eliel!" answered Josiah, (who was the youngest) "see how Thirza weeps over him; and he takes no notice of her: his eyes are fixed; he does not even look at her. Let us go away; I tremble, I shudder at the sight: let us run to our mother; see! she is weeping too."

The children now hastened to Mahala, and clinging around her, said, "Mother! why do you all weep? and why does Abel lie there like a lamb for the sacrifice?" Mahala embraced the little innocents, she wept over them, and replied, "Beloved children! death has separated the soul of our dear Abel from his body: he is gone up to Heaven, to dwell with God and his angels, where he will be happy for evermore."

"And will he never awake?" inquired Eliel, weeping, "to sing us pretty hymns, and to love us as he used to do?—Wont he take Josiah and me again upon his knees, and tell

tell us about Heaven and the angels, and the wonders of nature?—Oh! he will never more awake, never love us any more!—How my father will weep for him when he comes home from the fields!"—Thus the children poured forth their artless sorrow, and clinging to their afflicted mother, hid their faces in the folds of her garment.

Adam had now finished digging the grave; and turning to the still motionless Thirza, he said, "Awake, my beloved Thirza! awake! —Let us no longer delay to restore this mouldering form to earth; the Lord has commanded—let us no longer delay." He said, and tenderly took her hand to raise her. She had lain as if in a trance, upon the lifeless body: "Yes!" she exclaimed, "I have seen him, arrayed in celestial splendour he appeared before me: The majesty of Heaven sat on his radiant brow, and yet his eyes beamed with their wonted tenderness for me. "Weep not, my beloved Thirza," he said, "I am blessed; soon, soon wilt thou rejoin me, where death shall never separate us more;" and with a heavenly smile he vanished from my sight: where'er

where'er he trod, celestial radiance flowed around him."

While Thirza spoke, sublime consolation illumined her face. "Restore, my father! restore this mouldering form to its native dust." She arose, and placed herself beside her mother and sister. They all concealed their faces beneath their long flowing tresses, while Adam wrapped the body of his beloved son in skins, and placing it in the grave, threw the earth over it. "Let us address our prayers to the Most High," said he in solemn accents. "Beloved Eve! my children! kneel with me beside the grave."—They obeyed him; the little Eliel and Josiah knelt beside their mother. The father of men folding his arms devoutly on his breast, commenced his prayer.

"Oh! thou who dwellest in the highest Heaven, Creator! Father! power supreme! prostrate beside the grave of the first dead, humbled in the dust, we address our fervent supplications to thee. Oh! listen to our prayers: deign to look down upon this vale of tears, this abode of sin. Our crimes are great, but greater

greater still thy indescribable mercy. Who can be pure and spotless in thy sight? and yet thou turnest not thy face from us: we weep and languish beneath the sorrows, which we have brought upon our own heads; but thou with a pitying eye, lookest down upon our misery; thou hast not abandoned us; thou will still permit us to offer up our supplications to thee. We have seen death in his most hideous form; guilt led him by the hand, and storms and tempests shrouded the dreadful pair. My first-born—I tremble!—my first-born has imbrued his hands in his brother's blood. Oh! my Creator! avert not thy face from me; forgive me if I dare supplicate for the offender. Cast him not off for ever, Oh! God! when humbled in the dust he mourns his crime, and overwhelmed with grief and horror prostrates himself before thee; when remorse and anguish pursue him, deign, Almighty Father! to shed a beam of thy grace on his despairing soul. I have fulfilled thy command, I have restored the beloved corse to its kindred earth: listen to our prayer, Oh Lord! as it arises from the grave of the first who hath paid the penalty of sin. Let not our wretched

wretched first-born perish in thy wrath. Oh! hear our prayers, Almighty Father! when in the sleepless midnight-hour they ascend to thee; when at the rising and the setting of the sun we implore thee for him. Eternal praise be to thee, who hast received the soul of the departed into thy Heavenly kingdom. Like him, we shall one by one sink in the slumber of death. Oh! grant, Almighty! that like him we may ascend to the realms of peace and joy."

Adam ceased his prayer; wrapt in mute devotion he continued prostrate beside the grave, while his wife and children kneeling around him, preserved an awful silence. All nature in sacred stillness hallowed the solemn scene; not a breath of wind played among the foliage; not a cloud passed across the clear azure of Heaven.

Calm evening now approached, and twilight threw her shadowy veil over every object; but in vain all nature breathed stillness and repose; the wretched Cain, agitated by guilt and horror, and pursued by remorse, wandered

wandered through the wilderness. At length, spent with fatigue and anguish, he cast himself on the earth; the rising moon threw her pale beams upon his haggard countenance; his terrific voice resounded through the stillness of evening. "The full moon rising above yon dark hill, sails slowly through the thin and fleecy clouds, and sheds brightness and tranquillity around. All beneath the starry cope of Heaven breathes silence and repose. Man alone rests not; the voice of lamentation and murmuring ascends from his dwelling. Wretch that I am! I have brought affliction and misery upon my fellow-creatures. Those sighs, those groans that pierce the nightly air, call down vengeance on me. This day—this accursed day—hear it, ye stars! and fade; hear it, Oh moon! turn pale, and hide thy beams; this day the earth has drank the blood of the first slain, and I, murderous wretch, I have shed the blood of my brother!—Oh! henceforth, ye planets! withhold from me your cheering influence; accursed be the ground on which I tread, ungrateful the soil I cultivate. I have murdered my brother!—Conceal me, Oh darkness! hide me from the eye of nature; shrouded by thy veil, I will fly to some desolate region, where

where no human foot-step has ever marked the parched grass, where putrid streams distil from the craggy rocks, and gloomy shades afford a safe retreat to the wild beasts, and ravenous birds of prey. There will I shroud me from the eye of Heaven, and waste my days in solitude and anguish. If ever sleep shall seal my languid eyes, horror and fear will chase it from my brow, in fancy I shall behold my murdered brother, I shall see his mangled head, his blood-stained form."

Thus the wretched Cain poured forth his lamentations amid the darkness of night. He ceased; and remained long absorbed in silent misery. No melancholy bird disturbed the awful stillness; a gentle murmur only floated around. He gazed once more on the landscape and exclaimed, "Oh! mourn for me, ye hills! ye tufted groves, I am miserable, inexpressibly miserable. Oh nature! weep for me; —for me who have lost all sense of thy beauties; each charm that adorns you, testifies the presence of an all-merciful God; merciful alas! to all but me; to me he comes in his terrors, to me, he is the Eternal Avenger.— I weep!—my anguish at length finds this relief.

Oh!

Oh! welcome, precious drops, ye testimonies of my softened miseries; despair gives place to settled plaintive sadness. Flow! flow my tears, and thou Oh earth! receive them; nor though I am accursed on thy surface, refuse these testimonies of my deep, my heart-felt anguish.—What a thought rises within my bosom!—my tears flow faster—yes, even now, while darkness shrouds me, I will go to the habitations of the mourners; I will see them once more, breathe one last blessing on them—Blessings! from me?—the angry winds would waft them from my polluted lips. Wretch that I am, I must not ask a blessing for them. Yet I will go;—I will see them, weep over them, and then!—tear myself from them for ever. From thee, Mahala! from our lovely infants!"— Sobs interrupted his speech, he turned with hasty steps towards the cottages, and bedewed the lonely path with his tears.

He passed now by a verdant bower, planted by the hand of his murdered brother on the gentle slope of a hill. He recollected, that Abel had said as he completed it, "Flourish, ye fragrant shrubs; spread wide your lovely branches;

branches; and beneath your twilight shade, may succeeding generations, meeting in social amity, relate, that here Eve, (their general parent) brought forth her first-born son; here she impressed the first delighted kiss on his infant lips; and blessed and welcomed, with a mother's rapture, the first comfort of her solitary days."—The murderer shuddered, and averted his face; the dews of anguish stood on his forehead; his trembling limbs could scarce support him, as he hastened past the place.

He now approached the huts: the pale moon-light shed a sickly gleam through the tufted branches which shaded them; an awful stillness reigned around. He gazed, and wept, and wrung his hands; he remained long silent and motionless; inexpressible anguish swelled his breast. "The voice of affliction is silent," at length he said; "misery rests in solemn stillness here. But hark! were they not sighs that passed on the slow-rising gale?—the suppressed groans of anguish ascending from the habitation of sleepless misery?—Here, hid in darkness, and pursued by hell, is he who brought affliction and mourning on your abodes, who has chased tranquillity and peace for

for ever from you!—And do I venture to breathe the air pierced by the sighs of these afflicted ones? do I dare to intrude on the spot sanctified by their sorrow?—Oh! wretch, begone! pollute not this sacred place!—Yes, I will fly!—One moment longer my despairing eyes shall gaze on it; once more I will bedew it with my tears.—Oh! Mahala! my parents—Ah wretch! wilt thou profane their sacred names? Eternal blessings be upon ye! May sorrow and affliction, with the shades of night, depart from ye; and pursuing me, my fit, my just associates, accompany me through the world! Oh! that ye could eternally forget me! that ye could lose all memory of a wretch whose very image will fill your souls with horror! Such is the last wish of my despair, of my extreme misery."

While Cain, shrouded in darkness, thus uttered the dictates of his remorse, he heard the footsteps of some one approaching slowly through the gloom; he shuddered; the chillness of death crept through his veins; he attempted to fly, but sunk fainting on the turf.

The wretched Thirza had forsaken her lonely couch.

couch. Drowned in tears, she pursued her way through the gloom of night, to the grave of her beloved Abel. She seated herself on the dewy turf, and gazed for a moment with fixed eyes on the star-besprinkled Heavens; but soon sinking on the grave, she bedewed the fresh-crumbling hillock with her tears. "Here, here," she cried, "my peace, my happiness, lie buried!—All that I loved and valued, moulders beneath this damp earth. No rest, no peace are mine, through the slow tearful hours of night. Oh! flow, ye tears! ye are the only relief sorrow like mine can know. My heart can experience no other consolation, than that of weeping over this grave; of sighing away the melancholy hours beside it, amid this death-like stillness. It is true, my beloved! I have seen thee;—I have beheld thee arrayed in all thy heavenly splendor. But can I therefore cease to mourn for thee? In this life thou art lost to me. I shall no longer be soothed by thy tenderness, or guarded by thy care. My senses have almost forsaken me with sorrow—in vain I sought repose on my forlorn couch; the innocent pledge of our love lay sleeping beside me; it smiled in its slumbers; hapless infant! ignorant of the miseries

of

of mortality; unconscious of the loss it has sustained! Never more shall peace or repose visit me, on that couch, where tenderness and sweetest rest were wont to await me in thy arms. Peace and tranquillity are fled from me for ever. Oh grief! torn from me by a brother's hand—Where is he? Where is the guilty wretch? Whither have despair and anguish driven him? Oh! God of mercies! refuse not my prayer, when with unwearied fervour I supplicate thy mercy for him. Oh! turn not thy face from him, when humbled in the dust he mourns his crime, and with tears of contrition and anguish implores thy forgiveness."

She paused, almost suffocated by grief and emotion. At length recovering herself, and raising her eyes, she said, "Oh! placid moon! how often hast thou witnessed our tenderness, when arm in arm we wandered beneath the embowering shades, silvered by thy soft ray, while his pure lips poured forth the dictates of virtue and affection. Now his beloved form moulders beneath that crumbling heap: thy melancholy radiance lights his grave. Low

lies

lies his father's hope—his mother's joy!—my Abel! my husband! sleeps in death?"

Her melancholy eyes wandered over the twilight landscape, and rested on a bower, once the favorite resort of herself and her husband.—"How lovely gleams the moonlight on yonder bower, where thou, my departed Abel! at sun-set embraced me, and poured forth the effusions of thy religious and affectionate heart. 'What happiness (thou saidst) is it to be virtuous! what unspeakable felicity to be permitted to love Him, from whom all the beauties of nature flow! to behold the presence of the Creator in all his works. To him who departeth not from the paths of virtue, the approach of death shall lose its horrors: we know, (and what divine consolation is there in the thought) that though the frail body must return to dust, the spirits of the righteous shall ascend to the regions of peace and joy. Oh! my Thirza! if I should first sink in the slumber of death, lament not long over my senseless dust. Reflect that I have only passed before thee to the abodes of bliss, and prepare to follow me to those regions, where death shall never separate us more.' 'My beloved!' I

 replied,

replied, ' neither if the angel of death should summon me first from this earth, lament thou long over my senseless corse: beyond the grave, we shall meet again: extatick thought! we shall meet to part no more.'—Oh! sink not, my soul! beneath the weight of thine anguish: remember thy immortality, recollect the divine consolations held out to thee; and looking beyond the evils which now surround thee, fix thy steady gaze on the bliss, the transport that awaits thee. Ye guardian angels! that unseen hover over me, ye shall behold my efforts to conquer this unavailing grief: yet a little longer my tears must flow over this precious dust: Oh! beloved of my soul, when shall I be able to contemplate thy grave without tears? I will raise a verdant bower over this sacred spot; here will I muse away my solitary hours; here will I indulge my tears, sacred, forever to thy memory; and contemplate with holy ecstacy the moment which shall reunite us to part no more." She said, and rose from the grave. "My soul has found consolation in its anguish;" she continued—"But, Oh! horrid recollection!—his brother murdered him!—Almighty Being!" she cried, sinking again

on

on her knees, "hear, Oh! hear my supplications! Let the sinner find mercy in thy sight: my fervent prayers shall ascend to thee for him at the rosy dawn of morning, and at the close of fading day."

In the mean time, the wretched Cain lay trembling in the thicket, the prey of despair and anguish. "I will fly!—away, thou accursed one! away, from this sacred spot.—My trembling limbs refuse their office;—I cannot fly!—The terrors of hell surround me. Oh! let me escape from these images of horror!—Her tears, her lamentations pierced my very soul: and yet I could not fly.—She weeps no longer—Oh virtue! what hopes, what consolations are thine!—And have I forfeited thy blessings for ever?—Yes, I am lost; sunk in eternal misery; no shadow of hope or comfort remains for me.—I feel the whole extent of my wretchedness. Hell, in its deepest abysses, knows no agonies superior to those I suffer!—She prayed—angel of mercy! she prayed for me!—Dost thou not hate me, my sister? Dost thou not execrate the wretch who has heaped sorrow and affliction on thee? Vain, vain are thy supplications, Thirza! God can-

not listen to them—He is just!—She retires from the grave of her slaughtered husband—wretch as I am, may I dare to tread the same path; to shed the tears of inexpressible anguish over the traces of her steps? No—retire, wretch! murderer!—Yonder hillock gleaming in the moonlight, is his grave. —Fly! thou accursed one! Oh! fly the sacred spot."

He said, and hastened away; but soon pausing again, he exclaimed, "Oh Mahala! shall I fly from thee forever, without having once deplored my misery with thee; without having once humbled myself in the dust at thy feet, my beloved wife? Perhaps thou sheddest tears of compassion over me: perhaps thou implorest blessings on thy wretched husband:—upon me, the accursed of God!—Oh! hate me, execrate me, my crime deserves it—Oh! misery unutterable!—I have no power to fly.—I will once more weep at thy feet, Mahala! I will behold ye once more, my beloved infants! and then—I will indeed fly—fly from you forever."

With faultering steps he now passed at a distance

distance from the grave, and pursued the path that led to his dwelling. He was now within sight of the hut: he paused and shuddered, pale as a corse: at length, with trembling steps, he passed the threshold.

Mahala sat alone by the faint light of the moon; pale herself as the moon, half hidden by watery clouds. She wept and lamented over her solitary couch: her terrified infants were sobbing around her. She beheld her husband, and uttering a heart-rending shriek, sunk senseless on the bed. The children hastened to him and threw themselves into his arms—"Father, dear father!" they said, in lisping accents, "Comfort our poor mother! Alas! what affliction is come upon us!—how glad we are to see thee returned: what has detained thee so long in the field?"—He returned their caresses; his tears flowed in torrents over them: overcome with inexpressible anguish, he attempted in vain to speak; he sunk at his wife's feet. The children now redoubled their cries; Mahala opening her languid eyes, beheld her husband prostrate in the dust, and bathing her feet with his tears. "Cain! Cain!" she exclaimed, with frantic gestures.

"Mahala!

"Mahala! Oh Mahala! forgive me!—forgive me, if, wretch and murderer as I am, I have presumed to see thee once more, to humble myself in the dust at thy feet, to deplore with thee my extreme, my unspeakable misery. Oh! permit me this last, this only consolation. Curse me not, Mahala!—I have seen thee;—I must now fly: I wander a fugitive through the world; accursed of God, pursued by indescribable torments. Oh! Mahala, thou wilt not execrate thy wretched husband?"

"Oh Cain! Cain!" she exclaimed, in accents of the tenderest pity, "Can it be possible that thou, my husband! should'st be the murderer of the best, the most affectionate of brothers! Oh! wretched, wretched man! what hast thou done?"—Cain raised his melancholy eyes to her, with a glance expressive of all his heart-felt anguish. "Cursed be the hour," he exclaimed, "in which a dream from hell deceived me! accursed the fiend who prompted the bloody deed, which has resigned my soul to eternal remorse and anguish. Forget me, Mahala! lose all memory of thy wretched husband: but curse me not,

my

my wife! curse me not in my misery. Pursued by the wrath of my Creator, frantic with despair, I fly to hide me in the wilderness; I hasten from thee, from my children, for ever!"

He started up, and was hastening away; the children shrieked with terror and grief; and Mahala, pale and trembling, sunk at his feet. "Oh! let these tears," she said, "bear witness how I love thee, how I pity thee! Thou would'st fly, Cain! wander alone through the wide world!—Oh! how could I ever bear to dwell in this hut, while thou languished in grief and solitude in the wilderness! No, Cain! I will accompany thy flight. Thou shalt not wander helpless, comfortless. Were I to remain behind thee, each murmuring gale, each melancholy breeze that whispered round me, would fill my startled soul with remorse and terror. I should imagine I heard thy lamentations, thy dying groans; perhaps, I should say, perhaps the agonies of death are upon him: helpless and forlorn, he sinks beneath his miseries amid the solitary wilderness: no human being near him to sooth his anguish, to receive his parting breath."

She

She ceased: Cain gazed on her with rapturous surprize, "Oh God! do I hear thee aright, Mahala?—No, my generous, my affectionate wife, it is consolation enough for me in my misery, that thou dost not hate me, execrate me; guiltless, virtuous as thou art, thou shalt not share the punishment of my crime. Thy affection has softened my despair: remain my beloved Mahala, remain amid the dwellings of the righteous, on which the blessing of the Lord descends: thou shalt not share my misery. Forget the wretch, who abandoned by his Creator, knows no place of rest: forget thy miserable husband;—but curse me not."

"Oh! Cain! I will accompany thy flight: I will follow thee with my children into the wilderness: I will share thy misery; perhaps my tenderness, my cares, may help to assuage it. I will mix my tears with thine: my prayers will ascend with thine to the throne of the Almighty; our innocent children shall kneel around us, and lisp their supplications for thee. God despiseth not the repentance of the sinner; he will listen to the prayer of the penitent; yes, Cain! I will fly with thee, we will

will weep and implore the mercy of our Creator unceasingly, till at length he vouchsafes a beam of hope and comfort, to sooth and enlighten thy despairing soul."

"Angel of consolation!" exclaimed Cain, "comfort and peace beam already on my darkened soul. Mahala! yes, now I may venture to embrace thee. Oh! that I could express my gratitude to thee; these tears imperfectly must speak it." He supported his head on her bosom; he embraced his children, and then again turning to Mahala, clasped her to his heart in a transport of affection and gratitude.

The tender and generous Mahala, taking her youngest infant in her arms, and leaning on her husband, prepared to accompany his flight; another little one held by his father's hand, and Eliel and Josiah, smiling through their forgotten tears, tripped gayly before their parents. Mahala turned to look back once more on the abodes she was about to forsake for ever. The recollection of her parents, of Thirza, awakened all her tenderness, and bedewed her eyes with tears. "Oh! happy, blessed may ye be, beloved ones! soon will I return,

return, to supplicate your blessings for myself, for my penitent husband.

She paused, and wept, for an instant irresolute; when suddenly balsamic perfumes filled the air, and the sweet voice of some invisible spirit hovering over them, exclaimed, "Go, generous wife!—in soothing and refreshing dreams, I will inform thy mother of thy tender, thy virtuous resolution: I will tell her thou hast accompanied thy penitent husband: that thou art occupied in soothing his misery, and imploring for him the pardon of his Creator."

They passed along through the moonlight, often pausing to look back and weep: and soon advanced into the wild and desolate regions, which had yet never been imprinted by the footsteps of man.

A

LETTER

ON

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

Addressed to Mr. Fuesslin, Author of the Lives of the most celebrated

SWISS PAINTERS.

A LETTER

ON

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are of opinion that an account of the route I have taken, and the means I have pursued, to acquire some proficiency in the arts of painting and design, at a time of life little favorable to the attainment of great success, might not prove an useless or uninteresting work. How valuable and instructive would such a sketch be, executed by some of our most eminent artists: what an advantage we should derive from contemplating their difficulties, and the means by which they surmounted

mounted them: from minutely observing the course of their studies, and tracing the path by which they at length arrived at the excellence and perfection which distinguished them. We might not indeed meet in these simple recitals those profound researches which abound in the writings of the learned and unpracticed *cognoscenti*, but the artist and the scholar would here find the resources and information which experience alone can give.

How interesting, (for example) are the writings of Lairesse; who, after having attained the highest degree of excellence in his profession, bequeathed to the world the history of his progress and proficiency in the art: and how invaluable is the work of Mengs, which in a few lines contains more just reflections on the principles of painting, than are to be found in folios produced by meaner authors.

If he does not always express himself in the language of a philosopher, yet how much more valuable are his remarks as an artist: and the energy, the pure taste, and the spirit of research and observation that pervade them, are

are such as could only be expected from one of the greatest artists of his age and country.

But to return to myself; I am almost afraid to attempt the performance of a promise, to which I anticipate so many obstacles in my circumstances and occupations. I fear to appear trifling and superficial: but in that case, I shall only have troubled you with a tiresome and insipid epistle, which may be thrown aside with other letters of the same character and consequence, and need not be retained, even by your friendly partiality, to disgrace its situation, and prove the only useless and uninteresting part of a valuable and important work.*

You know I was not intended either by fortune or situation for an artist: nor did I in my early youth indicate any marked inclination for the pursuit: for though I was continually occupied in scribbling or daubing, these ill directed attempts could merely be termed

* It was to be inserted in M. Fuesslin's History of the Swiss Painters.

termed the amusements of a child, and were without object, and without use. I made no progress: my taste declined: thus my best years passed away, without my having even discovered whether I possessed the power and talents requisite for succeeding in this art: yet the beauties of nature, and the correct imitations of that great original, made constantly the most vivid impressions on my heart: but my inclination for the art was still only an undefinable sensation, unconnected with any knowledge of its principles: and the delight with which I contemplated the beauties of nature, led me to another mode of describing and expressing them, which, while it required less mechanic industry and practice, exacted the same lively sensibility, and the same minute attention to her charms.

A select collection of paintings in the possession of my father-in-law, awakened and renewed in me the passion for design: and towards my thirtieth year I attempted to attain a proficiency in this delightful art, which might entitle me to the indulgence, and it might be, to the approbation of artists and connoisseurs.

My

My natural inclination led me to landscapes: and I sought with ardour the means of excelling in this species of design. I thought, (like many other young artists) that nature was the best and only model; and I determined to draw after nature. But I soon found that my precision in copying from this master, led me astray: that by these minute details, I destroyed the effect of the whole. I had not yet caught the manner, which without being servile or slight, preserves the true character of objects. My fore-grounds were overloaded and crowded with trifling objects: my trees were dryly designed, and not detached in bold and striking masses: the whole was disturbed by a labour without taste. In short my eye was not accustomed to consider nature as a picture: I was ignorant of that address which augments or diminishes in the parts which art cannot equal. I found that I must form myself upon the works of the best masters. Is not the error into which I fell, the fault also of those ancient artists, who practised the art in its childhood, and had consequently no good models to form their taste upon? They attended so exactly to nature, that the smallest objects in their works are finished and heightened with as much care as the most important

ones: their pictures consequently lost the effect they laboured so much to obtain. Later artists who observed these defects, endeavoured to avoid them, and made themselves acquainted with the rules of beauty and variety in the disposition of their objects; of masses, and effects, of light and shade, &c.

I employed myself therefore in studying the most eminent masters: and above all, in attaching myself to the best works only; for I perceived, that in models, the most prejudicial quality, and the most to be avoided, is mediocrity: the bad strike and disgust, and the eye readily distinguishes their faults; while those who are neither good or bad deceive us, by presenting a dangerous and flattering facility. It is for this reason, that engraving, which may contribute so greatly to the progress of the arts when it is employed on subjects judiciously chosen, may become prejudicial by the indifferent works it multiplies without number. How many productions of that art, which have required the labor of years to perfect them, have not deserved, in the first instance, the work of a day. It is a terrible loss of time in the instruction of young artists to

to detain them, though even for a short time, in studying after any but the very first masters: they acquire no taste for the really beautiful: the *mediocre* in the art becomes familiar and supportable to their eye; and the ease with which they are sometimes able to surpass their originals, nourishes in their bosom an ignorant conceit and pride, which is an insuperable bar in their progress to excellence. Let a young artist be accustomed to study the heads of Raphael, and the sweet insipid countenances exhibited in the works of more modern painters, will be disagreeable and insupportable to him: while if he has been used to copy from some fashionable artists, and is afterwards employed in portraying the simple and sublime excellence of an Apollo, or an Antinous, he will make every-day people, or bad dancers, of them: and what is worse, will not be sensible how totally he has failed in his delineation of them.

My first rule in following the best masters was, to pass from one principal part to another, without staying to attempt at once all the numberless details I perceived in each of

them: trees were the first things I essayed: and I chose for my model, Waterloo, of whose works I found an excellent collection in the cabinet I have mentioned. The more I studied this artist, the more I found in his landscapes the true character of nature. I practised his manner till I acquired an ease and felicity in expressing my own ideas: I accustomed myself at the same time to work after Swanefeld and Berghem; acquiring by this mixed practice more variety in my style, and avoiding the forming what is called a manner. For rocks, I chose the bold masses of Berghem and Salvator Rosa, as my models; for designing from nature, and distinguishing her true character, I preferred Meyer, Ermels, and Hackert. Lorrain instructed me in the disposition and harmony of fore-ground, and in the representing of soft fading distances. And I had recourse to Wouvermans, for those gently flowing slopes, which covered with a tender verdure, and illuminated by a mild and moderate light, have no fault, but that of appearing sometimes too downy and tufted. Sandy or rocky heights, overgrown with shrubs and underwood, I copied from Berghem.

In

In returning after these preparations to nature, I found my efforts much less laborious. I knew now, how to produce the effects I admired: I observed a thousand beauties which had escaped my eye before; I had often sought in vain, in my former walks, objects completely fit for picturesque design: but now I distinguished in almost every object, some parts fit for imitation; I saw no shade that had not some branch well-disposed, some mass of foliage well-grouped, some part of a trunk of striking singularity; a detached stone gave me an idea of a mass of rock; I exposed it to the sun in the point of view that best agreed with my design, and discovered the most brilliant effects in the chiaro-obscuro, the demi-tints, and the reflections.

But in studying nature in this manner, I was obliged to be on my guard against being led away by singularity: I sought for what was noble and simple, and endeavoured to avoid exaggeration: I refrained from heaping fantastic forms together in my landscapes, even when I perceived them accidentally in nature, and remained steady to that probability,

bility, in which the truth of imitation consists.

My studies after nature were careful, but not finished designs. The more interesting any part of my subject appeared, the more I finished it at my first attempt. Many artists content themselves with taking a hasty sketch of any pleasing picture which nature presents them, and lay it by, intending to finish it at their leisure. But the fleeting images so lightly impressed on the imagination are not to be recalled, and instead of the characteristic of the object they admired, their drawing only exhibits their accustomed manner and style, and loses that truth and nature which is not to be supplied, either by the magic of colouring, or the effects of the chiaro-obscuro. The eye may be delighted for a moment, by these latter; but soon missing the real and essential beauties, it will turn from the work with disgust.

But when I wished to employ my detached studies made after nature in the completion of a whole, I found myself intimidated and embarrassed. I fell into factitious details, which

which would not harmonize with the simplicity and truth of those parts selected from nature. I could not find in my landscapes, the great, the noble, and striking effects of the whole.

I was obliged then, to have recourse to those masters, who have excelled in composition. I found in the landscapes of Everdingen, that rural simplicity which pleases, even amid scenes where the greatest variety reigns. In his designs, I found impetuous torrents, craggy rocks overgrown with brush-wood and tangled shrubs; and smiling retreats, in which contented poverty has fixed its rural abode. Boldness, and taste, and originality were conspicuous in all his works. Yet I did not take him for my only model. Dietrich, I thought, afforded better examples of the manner in which rocks ought to be painted. The pieces he has composed of this kind are of such excellence, that one is ready to pronounce them to be Everdinghen's; but to agree, that he has surpassed himself.

I admired the dignity of Swanefeld's designs, and the striking effect of his execution. I studied

I studied his reflected lights, which fell in so picturesque a manner on the large masses of his shades. The bold genius of Salvator Rosa, astonished and delighted me; and Rubens, charmed by the brilliancy of his colouring, the originality of his compositions, and the bold choice of his subjects, I studied all these masters, I made slight copies from their designs, and thus formed a collection of their best ideas. But the two Poussins and Claud Lorrain, at last possessed me entirely. It was in their works, that I found the truly great and beautiful: not a servile imitation of nature, but a selection of all the most simple and beautiful objects she affords. A poetic genius, united in the two Poussins, all that is great and noble. They carry us back to those times, for which history, and especially poetry, fill us with veneration. They transport us into those countries, where nature is not wild, but luxuriant; and where, under the happiest climate, every plant acquires its utmost perfection. The buildings which adorn the pictures of these celebrated artists, are in the true style of ancient architecture: and the figures by which they are peopled, have all the grace and dignity of demeanour,

meanour, which our imaginations, warmed to enthusiasm by the history of their great actions, attributes to the Greeks and Romans.

Grace and tranquillity reign throughout all the scenes which the magic pencil of Claud Lorrain has created: the view of his pictures awakens in us that same enthusiasm, that same tranquil but delicious emotion, with which we contemplate a beautiful and extended prospect in nature. His plains are luxuriant without confusion, and variegated without disorder: every object sooths us with the idea of repose and tranquillity. The scene of his landscapes is placed amid a delightful soil, which lavishes on its inhabitants its bounteous and spontaneous gifts; under a sky, ever bright and serene, beneath whose mild influence all things bloom and flourish.

I accustomed myself to copy from memory the principle parts that had struck me in the works of these great masters. I sometimes copied one of their works, and I preserve these essays, as they bring to my mind the route I have taken, and guides who have conducted me. In this manner, I acquired the useful habit

habit of tracing, in order to remember them better, the compositions and plans of those works which have particularly engaged my attion. Perhaps this labour may be thought superfluous, as the engravings made after those beautiful pictures, contain their exact representations. But the pains I have taken in copying them myself, have impressed a more durable idea upon my mind. How many collections of prints and drawings resemble those large libraries, from which their possessors reap not the least advantage; while the artist who forms a cabinet of design for himself, reaps all the advantage of his industry in the improvement it affords, and possesses at the same time a collection of the utmost value to him.

Yet when I had applied myself long to the study of particular masters, I found too great a degree of timidity oppress my native powers. Occupied by their beauties, and impressed with the humblest idea of my own talents, I despaired of equalling, or even approaching the excellence they had attained. My imagination, filled by their images, and occupied by their scenery, lost its inventive powers. I observed how imitation suppresses the warmth of genius

genius and the boldness of fancy. The truth of this reflection is instanced by the celebrated Frey, and indeed by the best engravers in general: who accustomed to copy the ideas of others, and to express them with the most scrupulous precision, lose that freedom and play of the imagination, without which there can be no originality of invention. Startled by these ideas, I abandoned my models; I forsook my guides, and delivered myself up to my own ideas. I prescribed myself subjects, and endeavoured to discover those which might best suit my feeble talents. I observed what parts were most difficult to me, and what required the most study and attention. My difficulties now began to disappear; I gained courage; I felt that my imagination expanded; and that fancy, like the other powers of the mind, is to be encreased by practice, and strengthened by exertion.

I had established it as a rule for myself, never to be unprovided with materials for designing; I carried them always with me, not only in my journeys or walks, but in the house, or the town. Many an important idea

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is forgotten or lost, because one is too indolent to fetch from another room, the materials necessary for fixing and impressing it. Often, in contemplating a picture or an engraving, some valuable idea or remark occurs, which is afterwards suppressed or forgotten, amid the different impressions made by the variety of objects we discover as we gaze longer. I seldom failed on these occasions, to fix at the moment, the idea which would so soon have faded from my imagination; and continually experienced, that a thought conceived in the first warmth, and an effect with which we are struck at the first view, is never so well expressed, as by the sketch made at that instant.

And here I will mention an advantage which may be sometimes derived from studying the works of an indifferent artist; though I cannot recommend the practice to any except those whose taste is already formed. An indifferent picture will often suggest an idea, which may be heightened and improved to become of value. Thus, in the poems of Ramler, we sometimes meet a thought borrowed from an inferior writer, improved into a striking

striking beauty, by his skill in heightening, and his judgment in applying it. The works of Merian, to whom little justice has been done, contain detached beauties, selected with the greatest skill from nature, and only disguised, by the tame and insipid style of his execution. Give to his trees and grounds the lightness of Waterloo; insert among his rocks, and the whole of his compositions, more variety; and you will see brilliant effects arise, whose splendour and harmony will do honour to genius, and of which the disposition and ground-work are all to be found in Merian.

I must not omit to recommend a practice, which I have found useful from my own individual experience. I mean that of studying the history of the art, and of artists. By this we extend our circle of knowledge, we become acquinted with the various revolutions which have taken place in the science, and are taught its principle objects and designs.

It is pleasing and interesting to inform ourselves of the fate of those whose works we have admired. When we observe the respect with which these great masters and their works

works are mentioned, our ideas of the importance of the art are extended and heightened: when we contemplate the unwearied industry with which they toiled to acquire the excellence they at last attained, when we observe the indefatigable diligence by which they surmounted the difficulties that opposed their course, our emulation is called forth, and our resolutions to exertion strengthened. Their very errors are instructive to us: and their misfortunes afford many a moral lesson, which, by impressing on young artists the necessity of prudence and of virtue, may tend to secure their temporal and eternal happiness.

I must observe too, that poetry is the true sister of painting, and that the artist should not fail to study those delightful works of the poets, which will improve his taste, refine and enlarge his ideas, and enrich his imagination with a store of the most beautiful imagery. The poet and the painter draw from the same source; both are governed by the same laws; an exquisite sense of the truly beautiful in nature, must direct each in the choice of every object and image introduced into his work.

How

How many painters would chuse their subjects with more taste; how many poets would give more truth, more life and animation to their descriptions, if the knowledge of these two arts was more frequently united.

The ancients, and especially the Greeks, whose language is so poetical, were unacquainted with the facility of our modern writers, who when they have heaped together a number of unconnected images and ideas, presume to imagine they have excelled in picturesque description. Webbe's "Enquiry into the beauties of painting," which exemplifies the beauties of this art by passages drawn from the greatest writers of antiquity, exhibits the proof of the fact he was so anxious to establish, that the poets of those ages had a true knowledge of the beautiful and sublime in the arts, and had observed with minute attention, every thing most interesting in inanimate, as well as animated nature. Their conceptions of beauty and excellence must have differed widely from our modern writers, who imitate Durer, in painting the Graces; or Rubens, when they attempt to express

press that ideal beauty which should characterize a goddess, or present the highest degree of mortal loveliness.

But to return to my subject: I pity the artist who can read Thomson without emotion, and contemplate uninspired, the beautiful pictures exhibited in his works. I have found in the writings of this great master, descriptions which might have been copied from the works of the most eminent painters, and which the artist might with ease transpose again on the canvass. His pictures are not more beautiful than they are various; they are sometimes finished with the pastoral simplicity of Berghem, Potter, or Rooss; they sometimes exhibit the grace and amenity of Lorrain, or are characterised by the noble and sublime of Poussin's style, or the wildness and melancholy of Salvator Rosa's.

And here let me seize the opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of a poet, now almost forgotten:—Brockes, who marked out a distinct species of poetry for himself; who followed nature in her most minute details;

tails; whose mind was exquisitely sensible to every natural beauty and charm, and whose fine feelings were wrought upon by the most trifling circumstances. A plant, covered with dew, and illuminated by a bright ray of the sun, was sufficient to inspire him; his descriptions are often too artful, and too laboured; but his works in general are a rich magazine of ideas and images borrowed from nature, and copied by a most faithful pencil. They remind us of objects and of circumstances which we have ourselves remarked, and which we recognise again with encreased pleasure.

Must we, then, be students and philosophers, in order to become painters? will many an artist ask with a scornful smile. No: my advice is only of importance to those, who wish to give greatness and sublimity to the style of their works. Without any of the improvements in taste and refinement which I have suggested, an artist may excel in representing a Dutch fair, or a scene of vulgar revelry and debauchery: he may even possess all the magic of colouring, and exhibit all the enchanting effects of light and shade: but he

must not aspire to charm the mind and touch the heart; or expect more than the tribute of the eye, for what is merely the work of the hand.

Such, my friend, are the few and simple observations which my memory yields; which my studies, and the plans I had prescribed to myself, have afforded. Others must determine how far I have succeeded in my art: but their decisions will not teach me to believe that the method I have recommended is not a short and good one.

Though my situation and circumstances may have prevented my farther progress in the art, I feel, with the highest respect for it, how much reflection and practice is necessary to the attainment of superiority and excellence in it.

If the artist does not glow with the warmest passion for his art; if the hours which he devotes to it are not the happiest of his life; if he does not seek with the most decided preference, the society of *cognoscenti* and artists; if

if he does not in the night, dream of it, and in the morning awake with new enthusiasm to pursue it—if he does not paint for true fame, for the applause of real judges, and for posterity, his works will be forgotten with the trifles they have imitated, and will go out of fashion with the rest of the furniture which adorns the modish apartments in which they may be for the present hung.

Though this letter has already exceeded the bounds which I had prescribed to it, I must communicate to you, and to the public, a wish which I have long formed, and of which I conceive the fulfilment would contribute greatly to the advancement of the arts of design. I have heard young artists complain with the most sincere regret, that their improvement has been delayed by bad regulations adopted at first, their time misspent in wearying and ill-directed application, and their genius cramped, and their ardour abated by the bad taste of their age or country.—I could wish, that books of elements were composed for the use of scholars and masters. We have some excellent works; but of these, some are

too expensive; and none are sufficiently simple or practicable for beginners. In the work I propose, the fundamental rules of the art should be first laid down with all the perspicuity and precision possible, and afterwards applied to different examples. These particular examples should be selected from engravings made after the best pictures of the most eminent masters; and care should be taken to prefer those which are the most common and the least costly, in order that the young artist might have a chance of meeting them in collections, or of purchasing them for himself. In every branch of the art, the most certain method should be explained; the principal works, and most eminent masters in that style, pointed out. The elements of Preysler are almost generally adopted in Germany; and his harsh discipline is very generally imposed on young beginners. Yet his outlines are frequently incorrect, and the character of his heads in general vulgar and insipid. The elements of designing which have appeared in France and in other countries where that art is practised, may deceive by the boldness with which they

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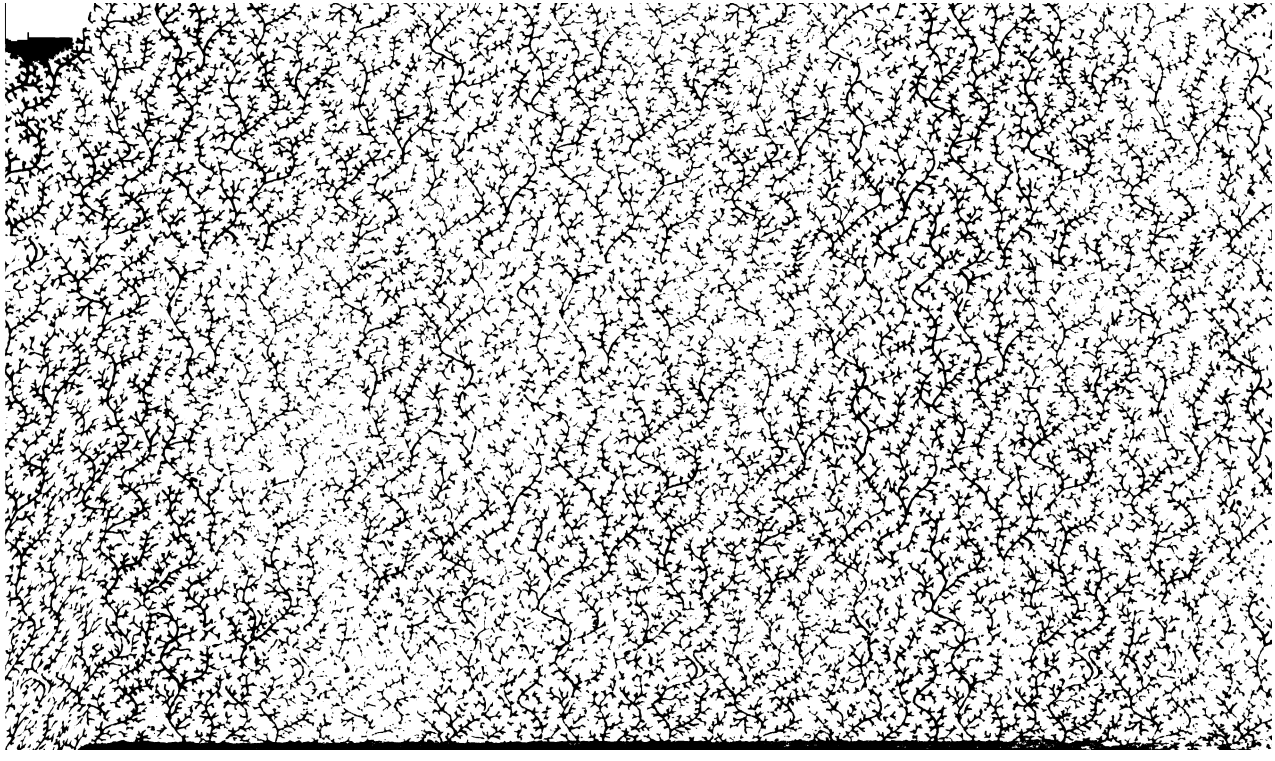
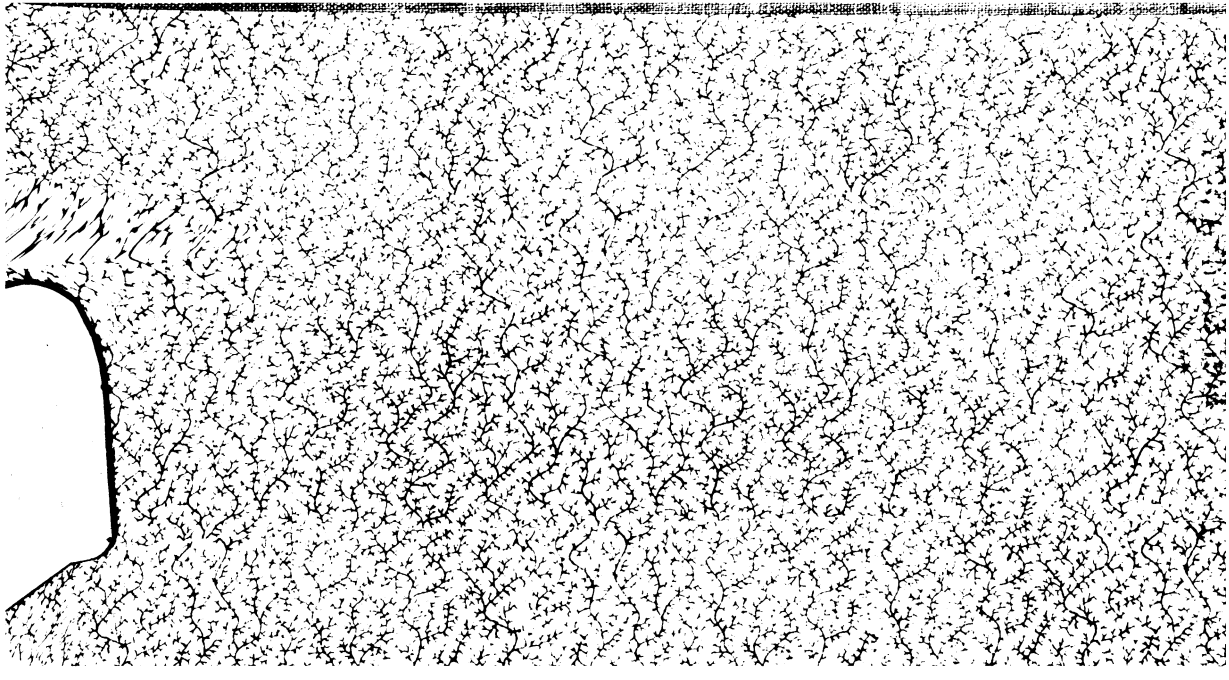
are offered as complete instructions, but will always be found of little value to the young artist; as in them the rules of outline are neglected: and in works of this nature, correctness and precision are of the greatest consequence.

I have mentioned before how advantageous the study of works, which treat of the art, and of artists, will be found to young students. The elementary treatise I propose ought therefore to contain an introduction, or reference to the best writings of this kind: nothing in short, should be omitted in it that could render it a general, and well-known manual to young artists: that could make it useful and improveing to those who have not the benefit of instructions or could lighten the labour of explanation to those who attempt to teach.

My second wish is, that a collection should be formed of descriptions of the best pictures in every style of painting; which should be examined into, and criticised according to the best and strictest rules of the art. It would be

be difficult it is true, to extend these criticisms to the colouring: but the harmony of the chiaro-obscura might be discussed; and the observations on the connexion that it has with colouring, would supply this defect in part, and could not fail to interest and instruct the artist and the connoisseur. It would be essential in the plan I have proposed, to choose none but the best compositions of every age; and to dwell on those only in which the character of the time, and the school is particularly marked.

The descriptions and criticisms we find in the treatise of Boydell, in the writings of Winkelmann, Hagedorn, Richardson, and others, may serve as models for this design. The criticism on the altar-piece of the Chev. Mengs at Dresden, inserted in the third volume of the *Bibliotheque des Belles Lettres, et des Beaux Arts*, is a master-piece which displays a profound and accurate knowledge of all parts of the art. Need I again remark how useful such a work would be? To those who imagine it would easily be executed, I must

must however suggest, that it could not be of the general use and importance I describe, unless performed by one of our greatest masters: in short unless it were the production of a Hagedorn, a Dietrich, a Oesers, or a Casanova.

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